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"I believe you, Bill," Anne said quietly, interrupting the two men.

MODEL MURDER

Opening instalment of an intriguing two-part mystery serial

By HUGH PENTECOST

ANNE POTTER tried afterwards to remember if she had felt any premonition of disaster. It seemed impossible that the day could have been so ordinary.

She had got up at the usual time and started Bill's breakfast. He had been just as difficult as ever to wake and start moving. He had whistled in his shower in the same off-key fashion he always did. Over breakfast he had grumbled about the job he had to do that day—a magazine cover.

Whenever there was a deadline hanging over his head, he grumbled about the job, and talked about that day when they would live in the country and he would paint to please himself.

Bill had gone to his studio to work, as he always did. He had said he might be late getting home, because this particular job had to be finished, no matter what. That wasn't unusual.

Anne had gone in leisurely manner about the business of her housework. After that, there was shopping for the night's dinner; and after that, time to kill. She decided, unspectacularly, to go to the pictures.

She got out of the theatre about four thirty, stopped to do her shopping, and started to climb the three flights to their flat a little after five. It was all so usual, all so normal. She couldn't recall one moment of anxiety. It was incredible that all the time she sat in the pictures and, later, made her purchases for their evening meal, her own private world was being smashed into a thousand pieces.

She had two paper bags filled with provisions, and her purse, bulging with an assortment of objects which always persisted in hiding her keys. She tried to find them without putting down the paper bags.

Then she remembered guiltily that the front door was probably on the latch. She had taken out the garbage after breakfast and put it down the incinerator at the end of the hall. She always fixed the door catch so she could get back in without her keys, and just about as frequently forgot to readjust the catch. Bill teased her about it, but she knew it worried him.

Well, she'd done it again, and she didn't need the keys. The kitchenette was just to the right of the entrance and she deposited her bags there. Then she walked through the small entrance hall to the living-room.

The sight which confronted her was so horrible that for a moment she thought she had gone mad—that a gruesome nightmare had projected itself into the light of day.

The room was a shambles. The furniture was overturned, the lamps broken, a painting of Bill's that hung over the fireplace had been wrenched loose from its moorings and lay, face down, on the hearth.

These things Anne saw without being conscious at first of seeing them. Her eyes were riveted on the body which lay half on and half off the couch. It was the body of a woman whom Anne Potter had never seen before in her life.

Some quirk in the law of gravity left the woman's legs up on the couch while her shoulders and golden-blonde head had slipped down on to the floor. Her clothes were torn. The front of the green dress was stained with irregular splotches of red. Worst of all, her face, which must have been beautiful, had been mutilated by something sharp and jagged.

At the moment Anne didn't see the broken whisky bottle on the floor beside the girl. She was subconsciously aware of the smell of spilled liquor and of a strange perfume, but she couldn't see details. Not yet.

Anne's first impulse was to run, screaming, out of the place. Waves of nausea swept up over her and were fought back. The woman on the floor was dead. Anne needed no doctor to tell her that. She didn't need to feel for a pulse which had ceased beating.

Bill! Bill would know what to do.

Mercifully the telephone was in the hall. She dialled Bill's number at the studio and waited. She could feel the blood pounding at her temples as she waited. Bill didn't answer. Maybe he'd finished the job sooner than he'd expected! Maybe he was on his way home. She wanted Bill more than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

She hung up the receiver. Should she wait for him? He might have delivered his drawing to the magazine. That could mean he'd be having a couple of drinks with the art editor. It might be another hour or so.

She lifted the receiver again and dialled the operator.

"I want a policeman," she said. She remembered Bill's saying this procedure was "the answer to a lonely lady's dilemma." Then a crisp masculine voice came over the wire.

"I want to report a murder," Anne said. It sounded crazy, like a game.

The crisp voice came again: "Name? Address? Are you alone there? Don't go away and don't touch anything. We'll have someone there at once."

Anne went into the kitchenette and sat down on the stool by the sink. She couldn't go into the living-room again. It seemed like a long time and was actually less than five minutes when two radio-car patrolmen rang her buzzer. Anne opened the door.

"In there," she said, indicating the living-room. She waited in the kitchenette.

Then they were back with her in the kitchenette. They had little black notebooks and pencils. Bill! Where is Bill?

"Your name?" Here it was again.

"Mrs. William Potter."

"Who's the dead woman?"

"I don't know."

They looked at her out of pale unbelieving eyes.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know. I was out all the afternoon. When I came back I—I found her like that."

"How did she get in?"

"I carelessly left the door on the latch. I—"

"Where's your husband?"

"At work."

"Did you telephone him?"

"Yes. But—well, he wasn't there."

"Then he isn't at work?"

She couldn't explain. She was suddenly too exhausted to explain.

"Is the woman a friend of your husband's?"

"No."

"How do you know that?"

"I know who his friends are."

The pale eyes registered doubt once more.

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Model Murder

Continued from page 3

At length one of the policemen asked, "When did you find the woman?"

"A few minutes ago," Anne replied. "A little after five."

"Where had you been?"

"To the pictures and shopping." She pointed at the paper bags.

"What time did you go to the pictures?"

"About half past one."

"Did you go with someone?"

"No."

Pale eyes looked significantly into pale eyes.

"What theatre?"

"The Luxor, just around the corner."

"What pictures are showing?"

Anne had to struggle to remember. It seemed so long ago.

"So you've been away from here from one thirty till after five?"

"Yes."

"There's no doorman or attendant here in this building?"

"No. Unless the caretaker just happened to be around —"

"What's the caretaker's name?"

"Charlie. . . . I don't know his surname."

"Where's is your husband likely to be if he isn't at work?"

She tried to explain about the cover and the art editor and drinks.

"But you expect him home?"

"Of course."

"Does he often leave his office without saying where he's going?"

"It isn't really an office. It's a studio. There's no one there but him."

"You don't know the woman?"

"No. No!"

She had the horrible feeling that they were about to start over again from the beginning, but they didn't.

"Have you a carving knife?" they asked.

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

She rummaged in the drawer of the kitchen table. The carving knife wasn't there.

"Your husband a heavy drinker?"

"No."

"But you keep liquor in the house?"

"Yes. There's usually a bottle of something."

"Let's see."

Anne opened the cupboard. There was no liquor there. She remembered distinctly that there'd been a bottle of whisky about three-quarters full.

The two policemen scribbled in their notebooks. They said that was all until the inspector arrived. If she wanted to go into the bedroom and rest, it was O.K. One of the men went to the phone in the hall.

Anne went to the bedroom. She sat down in front of her dressing-table. Her face was the color of chalk. She tried to get straightened out in her mind. The thing didn't make sense. A strange woman, clearly murdered, and murdered in their living-room. The two policemen suspected her and they suspected Bill.

She knew about herself and she knew about Bill. There was some sort of macabre and gruesome mistake here. The woman must have been given a wrong address or mistaken where she was going. She'd been followed here and murdered.

Vaguely Anne heard comings and goings in the living-room. She lit a cigarette and stretched out on the bed. The cigarette tasted flat and stale. Someone finally knocked at the bedroom door.

A man came in on her invitation. He was a man of medium height and about forty years old, she judged. His face was deeply lined for his age. He had fairish hair and his grey eyes were mild. He carried a battered, brown hat in his hands. Capable-looking fingers turned the hat slowly round and round.

"Mrs. Potter. I'm Inspector Bradley," he introduced himself.

"How do you do," Anne said.

The hat was suddenly still. The grey eyes were still, too, fixed questioningly on her. Their mildness, she realised now, was only an illusion. Those eyes saw through you.

"It's all some kind of ghastly mistake. The woman got into the wrong place somehow," Anne said, when she was certain Bradley wasn't going to say anything.

"You had a good look at her?"

Anne shuddered. "Yes."

"And you don't know her?"

"Positively not."

"And you don't think she's a friend of your husband's?"

"I know she isn't."

Bradley's right hand moved to the pocket of his coat and reappeared holding a small piece of white paper, torn in an irregular shape. He came over to her and held the piece of paper so that she could see it.

It was a piece of torn restaurant menu. On the back was written in pencil Bill's name, together with this address, this phone number! Then Anne saw the doodling. It was a habit of Bill's to draw little caricatures of people wherever he happened to be. There were three tiny drawings, unmistakably his.

"We found this in the woman's handbag," Bradley said. "Incidentally, her name seems to be Rose Gilman. You're sure you never heard your husband speak of her?"

Anne looked up at him and realised that her mouth was opening and closing like a gasping fish. Then the room began to revolve, first slowly, then faster and faster. She heard the inspector's voice raised urgently: "Mahoney!" There were running footsteps in the corridor outside the bedroom. Then merciful total blackout.

. . . . . .

Bill Potter sat on the stool in the kitchenette, his face buried in his hands. Bradley leaned against the stove, puffing on a pipe, his mild grey eyes studying Bill.

A nice-looking fellow, Bradley thought; a little weak, but nice-looking. He had dark hair that seemed to be uncontrollable. He had interesting, expressive hands — artist's hands.

"You did know Rose Gilman," Bradley said.

"Yes—yes, of course I knew her."

Police photographers had finished with Rose Gilman. Two white-coated men were in there with a sort of basket. Bill Potter's hands kept his eyes covered as they walked past the kitchen door.

"Your wife didn't know of the friendship?"

"No. You see— Oh, I know how it's going to sound!"

"Try me," Bradley said.

"Rose is a photographer's model," Bill said. "She poses for ads, magazine covers, that sort of thing. I ran across her in connection with my work."

"And fell in love with her?"

"No—no! She was attractive, inspector. I—well, I invited her to lunch a couple of times," Bill said. His voice was bitter, self-accusing. "We got into the habit of seeing each other three or four times a week—for a drink or lunch."

"And your wife didn't know this?"

"No. It was just a flirtation. If it had been important, I'd have told her." Bill looked up. His eyes were red-rimmed. "I swear that's the truth. There was never anything between us. I was flattered, I suppose. And Rose had problems. I suppose I felt big, telling her what to do!" The bitterness deepened.

"What kind of problems?" Bradley asked him.

"She was separated from a no-good husband who wouldn't lift a finger to support her and wouldn't divorce her."

"What's the husband's name?"

"Howard Gilman. He's in advertising."

"You know him?"

"I never laid eyes on him."

"Rose Gilman wanted advice on how to deal with her husband?"

"Yes."

"What did you advise her to do?"

"To talk it out with him — to reason it out."

"Did she?"

Please turn to page 10

"There are few sorrows, however poignant, in which a good income is of no avail."
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THE MAGNIFICENT MORGANS

By BRETON AMIS

FOR over an hour the train had been wandering through the flat lands of Essex, and in a few minutes it was due at Saltings. With every minute, Roger Chapman was growing more restive. He glanced covertly across the compartment, as if the sight of Cathie could restore his confidence.

Had anyone told him a month ago that, from the third row of the stalls, he would fall in love with a chorus girl, he would have been incredulous and affronted.

The Chapmans didn't do that sort of thing. The Chapmans got married according to the strict rule that money marries money, with the result that they had great wealth but little imagination.

Yet here he was, on his way to meet Cathie's people and receive their blessing before he had even consulted his own father. The Morgans, Cathie declared cheerfully, were a family of "hard-up stage folk," now permanently "resting," who relied on her to recoup the family fortunes.

And the worst of it was that by marrying him she would be doing so. He wished he were a poor and struggling young man instead of the son and heir of Ralph Chapman, of the Chapman Shipping Company.

He had proposed to Cathie before she knew who he was, and when, with due solemnity, he had told her, she had just laughed and said, "So I've found my wealthy backer after all. The family will be pleased."

Which was the exact opposite of what his father would be, Roger thought miserably.

When he had come out of the R.A.F. a month ago, his father had said, "Have your fling by all means, my boy, but don't get tied up. Take six war years off your age and you're only eighteen, so you've got to learn. About women, I mean. Don't be grabbed by the first pretty girl."

Cathie hadn't grabbed him; he had grabbed Cathie. He looked at her now and sighed. She was so attractive, so desirable.

Cathie heard his sigh. She looked up from her magazine and smiled sympathetically. She knew that he was amazed at himself, and had been ever since that first night, three weeks ago, when she had found him waiting at the stage door with a taxi. He had walked straight up to her.

"Good evening, Miss Morgan. My name is Roger Chapman, and I'd be very happy if you would have dinner with me." Just like that, but he had spoilt it by adding, priggishly, "Incidentally, this isn't a habit of mine—hanging round stage doors."

"And I'm not in the habit of accepting stage-door invitations, Mr. Chapman." In the dim light she had looked at him closely and had liked what she saw. Also, in spite of his steady voice, he was flushed and nervous. "But I might make this an exception," she had added.

In another taxi, two hours later, he had said, "You're the loveliest girl I've ever seen, Cathie, and I'm madly in love with you. Have I a chance, d'you think?"

Her heart had missed a beat, but she had said calmly, "That isn't a fair question to ask, before I know you."

"Very well. I'll ask you tomorrow."

He had, and she had given the only answer possible, because she, too, was in love. For three weeks they had been lost to everything, but now the outside world was beginning to intrude.

Somewhere in his background lurked a wealthy, tyrannical father, of whom he stood in awed affection. There would be trouble from that quarter later. In the meantime, she was carrying off Roger to her own family for their approval . . . and his. It was to be a test, and a severe one.

Suddenly she felt apprehensive and leaned forward.

"Listen, Roger," she said, "before we get there I want to tell you about my family. You've had such a smooth sort of background, but mine has been just the opposite—full of bumps and dangerous corners. We're a stage family, as you know, once known as the 'Magnificent Morgans' because of a tendency to over-act." In spite of herself she smiled.

"There never was a family doctor as impressive as my father, or a family butler as pompous," she went on. "No neglected wife could ever hope to equal the tragedy my mother put into her usual role. They were left the house at Saltings by my grandmother, with just not enough money to be able to run it properly. So Aunt Marta, a last-war pin-up girl, cooks, and Uncle Basil does odd jobs." Again she smiled quickly.

"Uncle Basil was in light opera, and whatever you do, don't let him wheedle you into playing cards. That's the lot, except for my brother Terry, who's the exception. He's studying medicine."

ROGER was secretly pleased about brother Terry and annoyed with himself for being pleased. "No one formidable, like my father, by the sound of things," he said.

"I want you to like them, Roger, because I'm one of them and always shall be."

"You're the girl I love, and I'll be eternally grateful to your family for giving you to me, whether they're angels, actors, or assassins."

"You've got the right mixing," Cathie warned him, and at that moment the train stopped at Saltings.

A pony and trap were waiting outside the station, and, in charge of them, a tall, thin man in light brown corduroys and a green tie, whom Cathie introduced as Uncle Basil. He welcomed Roger with a speech containing flattering references to the Chapman family and subtle allusions to the attraction of wealth to beauty—all delivered in a sonorous baritone clearly audible to all the station staff.

Then he bustled them into the trap, whipped up the pony, and sang snatches from "Iolanthe" as they bowled through the country lanes on the wrong side.

"He started driving this way when the Americans were over here," Cathie explained, "and he can't get out of it. We're miles from anywhere, so it doesn't matter."

Roger could smell the sharp tang of the sea as they approached the white elephant the Morgans had inherited—a rambling, red-brick building overlooking from a rise miles of saltings and a strip of shingle. The place was desolate, yet the air was magic.

Cathie's mother was waiting to welcome them. She came down the steps slowly and with infinite grace—a silver-haired woman with a lovely complexion and Cathie's vital eyes. To Roger's embarrassment, she folded Cathie to her ample bosom and murmured, "My little girl! My little girl has come home again!" And a tear actually trickled down her cheek.

Roger was introduced, and Mrs. Morgan's fine eyes searched his face wistfully. She seemed to find what she wanted there, for she stretched out both her hands to him and said, "Yes . . . Roger. I'm glad . . . glad!"

Then Roger found himself shaking hands with a muscular young man with flaming red hair and a wide grin, who was Terry Morgan; and with Aunt Marta, svelte in green velvet and still showing traces of the glamor that had set the troops whistling in 1918.

The family escorted him to the lounge, where the head of the house of Morgan was standing squarely on the hearthrug beneath a framed sketch of himself. He was a massive, leonine man with shaggy, tufted eyebrows and piercing eyes.

"Welcome to Saltings, my boy!" He put one hand on Roger's shoulder and scrutinised Roger's face. "So you're Ralph Chapman's son. I would have recognised the likeness anywhere."

"You know my father, sir?" Roger was surprised.

"Remember him at Oxford in '05, my boy, and the trip he made round the world before settling into the family business. Both keen on fencing in those days, and chess. He joined the Portland, though, and I joined the Garrick. Know Ralph Chapman? Who doesn't?"

Cathie's gaze went expressively to "Who's Who," which was lying open on a table.

"You seem to have been refreshing your memory, darling," she said, and Mr. Morgan frowned.

"Run along, Cathie, while Roger and I have a drink before lunch. Something special for a special occasion." And as soon as she had gone he began to talk of her. "It may sound old-fashioned, Roger, but Cathie is the apple of our eye. A dear, affectionate child, though a trifle headstrong. We have always hoped she would find a steadying influence."

"I can't guarantee that I'm that, sir," Roger told him, "but I love Cathie and want to marry her as soon as possible."

Mr. Morgan nodded. "So I gather. Already we look upon you as one of the family, but—I suppose it's my duty to ask the usual questions."

"Anything you like, sir," said Roger, bewildered.

"No need to ask if you'll be able to support Cathie," Mr. Morgan laughed throatily. "You'll be going into the shipping business?"

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"We must get him home at once," she said in distress at this untimely mishap.

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Aunt Agnes Couldn't Waste

By
HELEN HOFMANN POPE

Graham, with a frantic expression on his face, ran straight into her arms.

IT was a remarkable feeling: Out of a blue sky a modest fortune had dropped like a bomb into the centre of our lives. My sister Agnes had just written to me about it.

"I have the legacy now," her letter ran, "but I won't touch any of it. I have saved money of my own in the last twenty years, and I have plenty of clothes and everything I could want.

"I am coming to live with you and your daughter Nancy as soon as I can manage, and my only desire will be to make you both happy. Think things over carefully, dear brother John, and we will decide later what to do with the money."

When I had read this letter I called my daughter Nancy and she came right away, a tall, slim, healthy girl, her fair hair shining in the sun. She was wearing an old pair of overalls that once had belonged to me, but in spite of her clothes she was good to look at.

"Hello, dad," she said, and, seeing the letter in my hand, she asked anxiously: "Has Bill written?"

"Bill usually writes to you and not to me," I answered. "Things between him and me seem to be pretty well settled. When he was only a small boy he ran off with my apples and got a good thrashing for it from me, and now he wants to steal my one and only daughter and there is nothing I can do about it."

We both laughed. Nancy and I had always been very close since her mother died. I didn't marry again. Nancy and I would continue to be happy together when her Bill came back from agricultural college and the youngsters got married. Bill would make a good farmer too.

With a jerk I came back to the present. "Aunt Agnes has written," I told Nancy.

"Oh, yes," said Nancy. "How is she?" It was no wonder that she had no special feeling for her aunt as Agnes hadn't seen her since Nancy was a baby.

"Mrs. Wood died," I reported. "You know she was the crippled old woman Aunt Agnes nursed for almost twenty years."

"Aunt Agnes wrote about it before," Nancy remembered. "Poor Aunt Agnes. She'll have to look for a new job, I suppose."

Now I came with my big news. "Hardly. The situation is a little different this time. Mrs. Wood left Agnes six thousand pounds."

"Wow!" said Nancy. "What's she going to do with it? We could buy the Smith farm if we had so much to spare."

"The Smith farm is just a headache," I answered. "Look at our land. It's good. Don't we have the prize cow of the district?" I teased her.

"And don't we have the biggest softy among all the bulls?" she continued. "We really don't need the money, I guess. It's good that it belongs to Aunt Agnes and not to us. At last she's going to have the good time she always deserved. What will she do now?"

Then I sprang the other part of my news: "Agnes is coming to stay with us, and she wants to make us happy with her money. She thinks that she is really too old to enjoy it. It would be only a waste to use it for herself. Agnes was always afraid of waste. She was younger than me, but she was always very determined."

I found myself smiling a trifle ruefully.

"I had to take over the farm, but Agnes didn't like farm life and became a nurse. So she went away and nursed an old crippled woman for about twenty years. That's what she got in exchange for the farm life which seemed too dull for her. I think she had almost no holidays during all that time."

Nancy's eyes were filled with pity: "Poor Aunt Agnes. We'll try to make her happy here."

The same evening a telegram came with prepaid answer. Agnes wired: "How old is Nancy? Will be with you soon. Love, Agnes."

I wired back: "Nancy is 20. Looking forward to seeing you."

"What else should I say?" I asked Nancy. "That's enough," she decided, and I had to explain: "Agnes has paid for some more words and would never forgive me if I wasted them."

Before the day planned, Agnes arrived. "I got a reservation, and I didn't want to waste it," she said.

While walking through the old house she started moving furniture around. Nancy and I had never bothered about our furniture; still, our chairs had always been around when we wanted to sit on them. We hadn't changed anything in the house for years.

It wouldn't be easy with Agnes, who had thought of becoming an interior decorator once before she became a nurse. I felt sorry for her. She had so little flesh on her bones and her dress reminded me of the pictures in the ancient magazines I used to read in the dentist's waiting-room.

"You're getting on in years, Agnes," I remarked, although I wanted to say something nice to her, but Agnes didn't seem to feel hurt.

"I'm a little thin," she agreed. "You see, Mrs. Wood didn't eat much, and it would have been waste to have the cook prepare something for me too, and I didn't like her diet."

Nancy wore the old overalls when she met Agnes, because we hadn't expected her on this day. My sister held her in her arms and sobbed a little. "My poor child!" I heard her saying.

Now I don't mind an aunt crying when she sees her niece after twenty years or so, but the poor-child business annoyed me. I'm not one to ask for praise, still I always thought I had done a good job in bringing up Nancy. But when Nancy was gone Agnes turned on me wrathfully.

"The poor child in those dreadful overalls!" she cried.

"She has lots of clothes, but she just likes wearing overalls," I said coldly. "She went to see Bella before she met you, and I feel sure Bella thought she looked quite attractive."

"Who is Bella?" asked Agnes.

"The best cow in the district," I answered. "Nancy and I bred her and we're very proud of her. She wins prizes at all the shows."

"Pooh," said Agnes, and that made me fume because everybody else appreciated Bella.

"I'll make Nancy happy," promised Agnes. "I'll buy her everything—dresses, hats, whatever she wants. Nancy must have everything that I couldn't have when I was her age."

"Nancy is content the way she is," I insisted.

She poohed again, but this time not at Bella but at me: "That's how much you menfolk know about women. You don't know what's going on in a young girl's heart."

I wanted to answer and to give her a piece of my mind. Just then I pictured her, twenty years or more ago, as she sat with a far-away look, dreaming about the wonderful life in the big city. I always had felt guilty because I couldn't do anything for my little sister.

She had lived all her life on crumbs from other people's happiness, so they schemed to bring her joy in her own.

"I don't understand anything about fashions," was all I said, "but little as I know, it seems to me that no film star would wear your dress, either."

"It's a model," said Agnes indignantly. "Mrs. Wood got all her clothes from the best designers. She never wore them, because she took sick and couldn't leave the house. It's true she bought her last dresses about fifteen years ago, but they're still the best models and materials. I thought of buying a new wardrobe when she died, but it would be only a waste for an old woman like me."

"You aren't so old, Agnes," I said. "You're only forty-odd. With all your money you have a chance for happiness now."

"No," she answered decidedly, "everything is for Nancy and not for me. I want her to be happy."

"Why did you ask for her age in your wire?" I remembered.

She looked a little embarrassed. "I always wanted to give her a big doll, because I always wanted such a doll when I was a little girl. I never sent it to her, because I always found more useful things to buy for her. But as soon as I got all this money I rushed and bought the doll. Then I remembered that she was probably grown-up now. So, when I received your answer, I exchanged the doll for something more suitable. So the money wasn't wasted."

The first meal we had with Agnes was cooked by Nancy. She was no fancy cook, but she knew how to prepare thick, juicy steak. Agnes wasn't very thrilled with it.

"I'll cook you something special to-morrow," she promised.

The next day the whole house was in a turmoil. Agnes had moved all the furniture and had decided that we should have our meals in the dining-room instead of in the kitchen. She unearthed the best tablecloth and put flowers on the table. Everything looked festive and pretty; still, the setting had little effect on our ravenous appetites.

Nor did the meal which followed. With a glowing, proud face Agnes appeared balancing a big bowl which was filled with a crisp, colorful salad. It was a work of art, but Nancy and I exclaimed together, "But where is the meat?"

"It's not good for you to eat too much meat," Agnes said. "I looked up a good diet to make you feel better. Besides, I was always fond of salad, and it was not on Mrs. Wood's diet."

"Give the salad to Bella. She likes grass, and I want something substantial to eat," I stormed. Agnes had a pinched smile, but nevertheless she set us a good example by helping herself generously. For dessert she produced a fancy pink cake piled high with green icing.

"Do you remember, John," she asked enthusiastically, "we always longed for a big lovely cake when we were kids, but mother never wanted me to be bothered? I even put some writing on it: 'Welcome Home!' That's for me. Isn't it nice?"

It was certainly quite artistic, and she obviously had put hours of work into it. Unfortunately, neither Nancy nor I were fond of sweet things.

Please turn to page 32

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Our... French Fashions

THE Australian Women's Weekly made fashion history last year by flying from Paris a collection of models designed by the greatest fashion houses to be worn in parades here.

This year we are making fashion history in another field by enabling Australian women to buy replicas of these frocks for from as little as £3/10/-.

In addition we have arranged a further service for home dressmakers, who will be able to buy patterns cut from original patterns provided by the designers themselves.

The frocks were made by the famous fashion houses of Christian Dior, Carven, Marcel Rochas, Jacques Fath, and Georgette Renal.

Representative styles

EACH frock is a highly individual style, representative of the line most favored by the designer.

Christian Dior's ink-blue cotton dress is typical of the nipped-in waist and wide-hip look which Dior devised.

To achieve that look in this frock and in the brown linen skirt and bolero, Dior does not use the padded hips he favors in his more elaborate frocks, but gets his effect by clever cutting of the material. The same effect has been gained by Jacques Fath in the grey-and-white linen frock shown here by cutting the skirt with 35 gores.

Carven's turquoise jersey jacket suit is a delightful example of the asymmetrical line which has enchanted Paris.

Marcel Rochas does the popular side-draping to perfection in the green-and-white spotted silk jersey afternoon dress shown here.

Georgette Renal's two-piece floral suit has the smart full hipline emphasised by pleating in the jacket.

It will delight fashion-conscious women everywhere in the Commonwealth to be able to buy these frocks, beautifully reproduced by Adelyn.

All the frocks will bear the name of the original designer as well as the Adelyn label. Ask for the "Mary Hordern Paris Fashion Frocks."

Special patterns

PATTERNS of the frocks will be labelled MARY HORDERN PARIS FASHION PATTERNS.

Patterns of these frocks may be ordered from the Myer Emporium, in Melbourne and Adelaide; Mark Foy's, Sydney; and from the Pattern Department of The Australian Women's Weekly in all States. If ordering by mail, send to the address given on page 37.

When ordering, be careful to state the Fashion Pattern number given below.

F.P.4810.—Christian Dior's cinnamon-brown linen skirt and bolero. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.

F.P.4811.—Christian Dior's ink-blue cotton dress. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.

F.P.4812. — Carven's turquoise jersey jacket suit. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.

F.P. 4813.—Marcel Rochas' apple-green spotted silk jersey afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.

F.P.4814.—Jacques Fath's grey-and-white linen dress. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 3/6.

F.P.4815.—Georgette Renal's two-piece floral suit. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 3/6.

PARIS FROCKS

You can buy all these frocks now at the leading stores throughout Australia.

F.P. 4811

F.P. 4812

F.P. 4810

● Carven's turquoise jersey jacket suit with its new asymmetrical line is suitable for any time of day or any occasion, for it combines extreme smartness and simplicity. In the picture above it is worn by French mannequin Suzanne Combe.

● Christian Dior's ink-blue cotton dress with its nipped-in waist and attractive rounded neckline is ideal for hot summer days. It is worn by French mannequin Maggy Sarragne, in the picture at the top left.

● Christian Dior's cinnamon-brown linen skirt and bolero is an entrancing style and would be equally attractive for the cocktail hour or for beach wear. It is shown at the left worn by French mannequin Suzanne Combe.

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. . . at budget prices

★ On these pages are pictures of six of the Paris frocks selected by our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hordern, and brought to Australia for our French Fashion Parades.

Mrs. Hordern chose these frocks for their suitability for mass reproduction in Australia. By special arrangement, Adelyn frock manufacturers are making exact replicas of them.

These will be on sale at the Myer Emporium in Melbourne and Adelaide, Mark Foy's in Sydney, and in other leading stores all over Australia.

As a result, frocks which have the same distinction as their Parisian originals will be on sale for from as little as £3/10/-, whereas the models would cost at least £100 to buy in Australia. This is a remarkable service to the women of Australia who must limit their dress allowance to balance their budgets.

F.P. 4815

● Georgette Renal's two-piece floral suit is worn on the left by Madame Caroline Chambrelent, directress of Worth's. It is in the latest Paris trend, but is not too exaggerated for informal wear.

F.P. 4813

● Marcel Rochas' apple-green spotted silk jersey dress has the charm of extreme femininity and features the newest draped lines. Above it is worn by French mannequin Janine Lequievre.

F.P. 4814

● Jacques Fath's grey-and-white linen frock is a clever combination of the tailored line in the bodice with the new full skirt. Above it is worn by French mannequin Lydia Leplat.

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Model Murder

Continued from page 4

BILL swallowed hard, and for a few moments seemed incapable of further speech. "I don't know," he managed at last. "I haven't seen her for several days. I——"

"When did you last see her?" Bradley asked.

"Friday."

"You hadn't arranged to see her to-day?"

"No."

"You didn't ask her to come here?"

"Good Lord, no! Do you think I'd have brought her here? I mean—"

"Yet you wrote out your address and phone number for her." Bradley took the piece of torn menu from his pocket and showed it to Bill. Bill groaned.

"She acted as though she was nervous about Gilman. I told her if she got into trouble to phone me. I'd have explained to Anne, if that had happened."

Bradley tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and relit it. "Now about this afternoon," he said.

"I worked till about four," Bill said. "I was doing a cover job. There was a deadline on it for to-day, but this morning the art editor phoned me and said I could have extra time on it. So about four I knocked off and left my studio." He twisted around on the stool as if he were in pain. "Look. I know this is going to sound bad."

"It sounds all right so far," Bradley said. "What happened after four?"

Bill looked straight at Bradley. "I went for a walk," he said.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"How long did you walk?"

"Till I came home."

Bradley's eyebrows rose. "You walked, alone, until a quarter-past six?"

"Yes. But that isn't unusual!" Bill's voice was urgent. "I often take long walks alone. It's a good way of thinking things out. Plenty of people can tell you it's a regular habit of mine."

"Why are you so much on the defensive, Mr. Potter?" Bradley asked quietly.

"Because I know what you're thinking," Bill said. "You're thinking I invited Rose here, that we had a quarrel, and that I killed her."

"Isn't that what happened?"

Bill was on his feet. "You've got to believe me!" he cried. "I haven't seen Rose since last Friday. I didn't ask her here. Why should I want her dead? You've got to believe me!"

"I believe you, Bill." Anne had just come into the room, and her quiet voice interrupted the two men.

Bill went to her, took her in his arms. "Darling," he murmured. "Darling! I've been such a fool. But I swear——"

"Hush!" She ran her fingers through his unruly hair. "It's going to be all right," she said.

But it wasn't all right. Bradley left shortly after that. Bill and Anne had their belated meal in the kitchenette, but they couldn't talk because Bradley had left a detective-sergeant behind, parked in the living-room.

Bradley had said he would be back. He'd taken the knife and the pieces of the broken whisky bottle with him. One of the detectives had fingerprinted Bill and Anne. They hoped to find prints on the knife and bottle. Bill and Anne felt that would clear them. They hadn't either of them killed Rose Gilman.

Bradley came back a little after nine. His face was grave.

"I've seen Howard Gilman," he said. "He has an ironclad alibi. It'll stand up."

"You thought he might have done it?" Anne asked.

"I wasn't overlooking any bets," Bradley said. "We've gone over the knife and the fragments of the bottle for prints," he said. "Nothing clear enough on the knife to be of any use. But there are some nice clear prints on the bottle."

Bill and Anne stared at him.

"Yours, Mr. Potter," Bradley said. "But, man, I tell you——"

"Of course Bill's prints were on it," Anne said sharply. "He poured drinks for us last night. His prints would have to be on it."

"That's reasonable," Bradley said. "I've also learnt that Miss Gilman called this number several times in the early part of the afternoon. She didn't get any answer."

"Naturally," Anne said. "We were both out."

"So she came here to find you," Bradley said. "What really is the story of your relationship with Rose Gilman, Mr. Potter? Was it just that she hoped to break up your marriage, or was there something more serious?"

"But I keep telling you—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Potter, but I'm going to have to arrest you on suspicion of murder."

. . . . . .

It was an interminable night for Anne Potter, desperately trying to straighten things out in her mind.

She didn't believe for a moment that Bill had murdered Rose Gilman. But that Bill had known Rose, had seen her often, and had felt guilty about it—this was something she had to see, to understand.

She lay in bed in the dark, staring up at the ceiling. Something must have been missing in their relationship for Bill to behave as he had. Was it just vanity that had taken him to Rose Gilman? Was it simply that it had been exciting to discover that he was attractive to a woman like Rose? Or had she, Anne, failed him in some way—neglected to give him something he needed?

This was a problem that had to be worked out. But it had to be worked out in the future when Bill was free and clear and they could talk it out thoroughly. Getting Bill free and clear was the current problem. The police, she felt certain, would try to make a case against him, and it might stand up. The circumstantial evidence was strong.

> *"Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every man has a right to knock him down for it."*
> —Samuel Johnson.

They couldn't know that Bill might be foolish, that he might easily have his head turned, but that he couldn't by any stretch of imagination kill someone. She had to prove this. There was no one else interested in proving it.

Anne shut everything out of her mind but this problem. She couldn't approach it from the point of view of a detective. Clues and fingerprints were totally outside her field of knowledge. But people!

There must be people who knew Rose Gilman—who might give her some sort of lead to someone else who might have wanted Rose to die. For one thing was clear to Anne: She did not know how to go about proving Bill's innocence, but if she could find anything which might point to someone else, Bradley would have to listen, would have to investigate.

Finally Anne slept, because she knew what she was going to do. Howard Gilman, Rose's husband, must logically be her beginning point.

. . . . . .

Howard Gilman was not at his office when Anne called there shortly after nine the next morning. She was told he wasn't expected to be in at all. Anne looked up his address in the telephone book and went there.

She found Gilman's name on a brass plate inside the foyer, and started up the stairs, too restless to wait for the lift. Before she'd reached the first landing a woman's voice called down the stairwell from the third floor: "What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Gilman," Anne said, and kept climbing.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"It's a personal matter."

"He isn't in!" The woman's voice took on a shrill quality.

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Mrs. WHITNEY REGRETS

By PATRICIA KENT.

"And now I'm going!" Kate said, as Mr. Frampton rose to the surface and clung to the side of the pool.

KATE WHITNEY drew up in front of the Hotel Sunnyside and looked at it speculatively. Her eye took in the wide, flagged terrace, the sun deck that overlooked the inevitable swimming-pool, the whole air of immaculate, rather smug grooming that such small luxury hotels possess. She decided it would do.

Rather vulgar, she thought, but it had the treble advantage of being miles from Sydney, smack in the mountains and almost certainly the last place where her parents would look for her.

At the thought of the said parents, the light of battle flared again in her fine green eyes.

Ever since she was eighteen, five years ago, she and her father had played a game which had consisted of inspired evasions of Mrs. Whitney's more grandiose schemes of marrying off Kate to some moneyed but usually hopeless member of society.

Some of them were really quite presentable, but Kate, being a girl of spirit, hated them all on sight.

So to find that her father was embroiled in the latest of these schemes was indeed hard to take. After a stormy scene, during which Kate had strode round, smoking furiously and shouting about free will, she had flung a few clothes into a bag, scooped up Topaz, her smoky Persian, and driven off on this punitive expedition.

She ran lightly up the broad steps of the Sunnyside, crossed the terrace and plunged into the foyer.

Behind the reception desk stood a dark, surly-looking young man.

She opened her mouth to announce her desire for a room and bathroom, then closed in smartly. If she was going into smoke she might as well as do the job properly. A crazy impulse welled up inside her.

"I," she announced demurely, "am the new housemaid."

The dark young man stared at her with a mixture of wild hope and blatant disbelief. He noted the suavely cut black slacks, the expensive travelling bag, the fur coat slung negligently over one slim shoulder. His eye travelled to the long, sleek roadster in the drive outside. He sighed. Probably a jewel thief, he thought resignedly.

Still, if she were Lucrezia Borgia herself he couldn't have felt more relief at the alleviation she represented of the ever-pressing domestic help problem. But all the same, better treat her cagily.

"Your name?" he asked curtly. Kate decided she didn't like him.

"Er—Smith," she told him coldly. "Kate Smith." The incongruity of the name suddenly smote her and she shrieked inwardly with mirth. All at once she was enjoying herself.

"What's yours?" she asked.

"Frampton. I'm the owner."

"Really? I thought you were the porter. Where do I go?"

"An unintelligent mistake," he said stiffly. "Follow me."

Kate, well in her housemaid's role, picked up her bag. From her travelling basket Topaz gave a plaintive miaw. Mr. Frampton froze in his tracks.

"Is that," he asked hollowly, "a cat?"

Kate nodded.

"Sorry. I cannot possibly allow you to keep it here. I simply cannot bear cats. Creepy, horrible things." He almost shuddered.

"Love me, love my Topaz," announced Kate airily. "I couldn't possibly abandon her now — she's in a delicate condition. Don't fash yourself, Mr. Fosdick, you won't even know she's here."

"Frampton is the name," coldly.

"Stupid of me," murmured Kate wickedly.

In a few days Kate, in a fetching lilac uniform and starched wisp of an apron and cap, had the whole Hotel Sunnyside by its ears.

This inescapable fact Mr. Frampton faced as he sat one morning on the orchestra dais in the large, deserted dining-room, moodily picking out a tune on the piano with one finger.

He was sick of eating things "a la Kate," "a la Katherine" or sometimes when Georges, the chef, was feeling baffled or despairing or both, just plain "a la Smith."

Georges' cooking, pre-Kate, had been magnificent. Now it was positively lyrical, alternating with a few dishes that were slightly off the beam, according to the thermometer of Georges' emotions.

Then there was Sammy Payne, the orchestra leader. A large, slightly fat, pleasant, normal young man. What had happened to him? Instead of his usual selections, "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" was now almost the only thing ever heard.

Mr. Frampton had remonstrated with him, but to no avail.

"Sorry, boss." Sammy had said simply. "She's got me." He raised his arms in a wide, eloquent gesture. "She's got us all, hasn't she, boys?" The rest of the orchestra acquiesced, noisily and idiotically.

The male guests, too, Mr. Frampton frowned. Always hanging round and languishing. Brightening palpably whenever she appeared.

She was efficient at her work, true enough. Very efficient, and so far no one's jewels had been reported missing. That was something, he felt. She appeared to be equally popular with the women guests, too. Only this morning Lady Besom had remarked what a valuable acquisition she was to the hotel, and that somehow her face seemed familiar to her.

For some inexplicable reason Mr. Frampton's heart had sunk at this. He had probed, but Lady Besom had murmured something vague and wandered off.

Yes, the new housemaid had certainly given a lift to the Hotel Sunnyside. It was evident in the very atmosphere. Only to him was her attitude inflexible. She harried him in a hundred ways.

Mr. Frampton had always been an assured young man, with everything at his fingertips and under control. Women, he had decided long ago, were an irrelevant race of beings in the general scheme of things; put there expressly to bung spanners into the efficient machinery of a tidy mind, such as he, Mr. Frampton, possessed.

But now . . . He realised irritably that the tune running through his brain was the ubiquitous "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You."

At the end of a moderately uneventful day and a perfect dinner, however, Mr. Frampton felt reasonably soothed. Kate had apparently smiled on Georges this day, for the exquisite dishes were all "a la Katherine."

Sammy and the boys played soothingly, albeit wistfully. Kate had tactfully inquired after the rest of Sammy's repertoire and he was flat out to impress her.

Mr. Frampton looked round at his guests. It was true they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Kate's deft service and gay remarks were having their effect.

Please turn to page 37

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Spots . . .

● Between-seasons frock by Valentine Bourgade is made of grey jersey, printed with red and white spots. Pleats at each side give hip fullness.

● Drape of Rose Valois platter hat made of navy blue jersey with white spots forms an exciting scarf, and is clever idea with a tailored frock.

● Spotted material is chosen by Paris designers to give spring accent by using it to make combined hat and scarf and a bustle bow on a plain afternoon frock.

● Black taffeta with white spots is chosen by Maggy Rouff to make this afternoon suit with its jacket fashioned with the new asymmetrical line and falling into an unusual full flounce.

● Rows of spots are gay in simple Jacques Heim navy and white model ideal for coming hot days. White pique collar and unusual squared shoulder cuffs are effective. Navy-blue quills are smart on a white straw hat with roll-back brim.

● Pale blue crepe with black spots is used by Marcel Rochas to form an effective bustle bow as the only trimming on a severely tailored fine black wool afternoon frock. This simple idea could be used to give any frock the new back interest.

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Royal Blue and White Striped Tie Silk Dress. A padded roll edges the cleverly manipulated shoulder drape and wide décolleté neckline with its "throw-over" back sash—diagonal use of the stripes accent the tiny waist and stiffened pockets. The fine pleating of the longer length skirt "fans" out to a plain hem line.
Original Parisian model by Paquin — by courtesy of David Jones Ltd.

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Hands reveal more than faces to sculptress

WHITE PORCELAIN HANDS forming book-ends modelled by sculptress Ray Shaw. She uses hands also as door-knockers, lamps, bowls, light brackets.

RAY SHAW, sculptress, at work in her studio on Sixth Avenue, New York. She models only hands, and is famous for her "hand portraits."

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S HANDS. Note the pencil. Einstein told Miss Shaw when he posed for her the pencil was his only weapon.

Ray Shaw's portraits are studies of famous fingers

Watch out for your handshake. It's an index to your character. At least that's what Ray Shaw, well-known American sculptress, says.

She ought to know, for she sculptures only hands, has done "hand portraits" of world celebrities from Joe Louis to Irving Berlin, from Albert Einstein to President Roosevelt.

BLONDE, Lithuanian-born, and very beautiful, 36-year-old Ray Shaw probably knows more about hands than any other person in America.

Her hand sculptures have been exhibited in every large city, have been filmed and televised. She has lectured on hands throughout America, is now writing a book about hands.

After years of observing, studying, sculpturing them, she believes hands are a better guide to personality than faces.

"People pay a lot of attention to their faces. They smile when they meet you, wear conventional masks. They forget about their hands.

"You can have a poker face. But there is no such thing as a poker hand in the same sense," she says.

Although no palmist, she believes personality is shown, not in the lines in a palm, but by gestures and by the position of the hands at rest.

For example, the man with the over-hearty handshake isn't necessarily a determined man. He is probably using his strength to hide an insecure personality.

The alternative isn't the loose handshake; that indicates a furtive personality. Hands held tightly clenched in a fist belong to the exceedingly tense as well as determined person.

Fluttering fingers tell of a groping, nervous nature.

Long, slender hands don't necessarily mean an artistic nature, aren't by any means the most beautiful.

"There's no standard of beauty in hands. They are as beautiful as the personality behind them," Miss Shaw believes.

That's a long way from what she used to think.

When she was a little girl in Brooklyn she hated her hands. She would listen to the song "Pale Hands I Love Beside the Shalimar," and it made her unhappy.

Her own hands—heavy-wristed, squarish—she thought ugly, and she believed no one would love her because of them.

She used to sit on them when there was company at home, used to pull her fingers every day to try to make them grow.

Out of this childish complex grew her interest, and she read everything she could on the anatomy and psychology of hands, made up her mind to sculpture them.

Teachers of sculpture laughed when she told them she wanted to specialise in hands, pointed out that Durer and Rodin were among the few of the world's artists to capture the feeling of the hand in art.

But she was determined, lived toughly through the "starving-artist" period, worked at a news-stand in a city hotel, worked as a salesgirl, while she studied.

Dorothy Shaver, who was to become America's first woman president of a large department store—Lord and Taylor—gave Ray her first break, gave her window space in the Fifth Avenue store, with another exhibition inside.

From
PHILIPPA DAY
in New York

Then the commissions started to roll in, have been coming in ever since. Instead of portraits of their faces, people come to her to have portraits of their hands done.

Wives give the "portraits" as gifts to husbands; mothers to children.

One mother had five reproductions of her hand cast from Miss Shaw's model, gave it to her five sons, with a card saying: "This is the hand that rocked your cradle."

Hands are cast as book-ends, vases, candlesticks, ashtrays, paper-weights—or just straight "portraits."

You can't miss Ray Shaw's studio on Sixth Avenue.

The doorknocker—a bronze fist—holds her card. In the hallway, the light brackets are fashioned in the shape of hands, and the living-room has hands everywhere. You are not conscious what beautiful things they are until you've visited there.

Women's hands moulded in white porcelain hold two white candles on the mantelpiece.

The oyster-grey ceramic ashtray is an outstretched hand; the book-ends are hands, the paper-weight a clenched fist.

The gallery of the studio is even more fascinating. Painted in deep pink and hung with steel-grey curtains, it displays the hands of celebrities Miss Shaw has modelled.

With each person she attempted to get a characteristic pose. To make a reproduction of one of Joe Louis' fighting gestures she watched him train at Pompton Lakes. Said she: "Two, three, or four men would box him all at once. I was frightened. I thought they must knock him out—but I got the pose I wanted."

When it came to the day of the big Louis-Mauriello fight, after completing the sculpturing of Joe's hands, Miss Shaw was given tickets.

"I couldn't face attending," she says shamefacedly. "I watched on television."

Miss Shaw went to the White House to sculpture Margaret Truman's hands. Margaret gave them to her father for his 62nd birthday. They stand on the piano at the White House.

"Margaret is wholesome, friendly, and charming. She doesn't take herself as seriously as a girl in her position might," Miss Shaw said.

For the N.B.C., Miss Shaw was commissioned to sculpture the hands of eight famous conductors. She went to rehearsals, watched their hands. Later, when they came to her studio, she would play recordings of the music they conducted, ask them to conduct it. When she got a characteristic pose she would make them "freeze," while she made rapid sketches or rough clay models.

Her conductors' hands are on permanent exhibition at the N.B.C. Studios at Rockefeller Centre after having been sent on tour to all the major U.S. cities.

Miss Shaw posed Lily Pons in a gesture the soprano uses in the "Bell Song" from "Lakme." Irving Berlin's hands are stretched on a keyboard (he gave them to his wife for Christmas).

The short fingers of Dr. Dafoe, who delivered the Dionnes, look as though he's counting them off—though Miss Shaw says the pose was unintentional.

When Albert Einstein posed for her she asked him if he had any tool symbolic of his work. He looked at her, hesitated, and said: "A pencil, my child. That is my only weapon."

The hands of President Roosevelt, which Miss Shaw sculptured, are cast in bronze. Standing on a five-foot solid oak pedestal, they are on permanent exhibition at the Roosevelt Memorial Library at Hyde Park, New York.

Miss Shaw has come to a horrifying conclusion—our hands are slowly becoming atrophied.

Said she: "Machines are nothing more than an extension of our hands. But instead of ten fingers there are tens of thousands working in unison."

She thinks that everyone should have some hobby in which the hands are used, thinks factories should institute hobby-centres, thinks more handcrafts taught in schools would minimise juvenile delinquency because children would become absorbed, carry the craft into their homes instead of getting into mischief.

She intends when she has more leisure to start a handcraft campaign.

One bit of news, though, girls. Typing is good exercise, she says, helps to strengthen and therefore enliven hands.

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Randolph Churchill will arrive next week

Australians can expect fireworks at lectures

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

From the moment Randolph Churchill arrives in Australia next week to begin a lecture tour covering the whole country you can expect fireworks of the brand his famous father, Winston Churchill, supplies wherever there is something to argue about.

Randolph is known to his enemies as "a political jumping cracker" and to his friends as "a chip off the old block." There seems to be a large amount of truth in both these views of him.

BUILT on the same heavy lines as his father, he possesses the same husky voice, the same thunderous scorn for his opponents and Olympic contempt for triflers.

At 36 years of age the ex-Prime Minister's sleek, grey-haired only son has a great amount of the boisterous charm, the same truculent jowl, the generous waistline of his father and the same grand use of the Churchillian phrase.

In his five-week tour of Australia and New Zealand, before going on to another tour of America via Japan, Randolph will address audiences in 14 lectures on America, United Europe, and conditions in England now.

He told me this seated in the garden of his charming house off Buckingham Palace Road on the day he arrived from the South of France.

He had been recuperating there from a seven-month lecture tour of the United States by writing three political articles weekly and plunging into the Mediterranean.

Like all sons of famous men Randolph Churchill finds himself handicapped by the attitude of people who classify him too readily as a pale imitation of his father's greatness, and treat those parts of him which are different as unimportant.

In father's steps

RANDOLPH accepted the full weight of the inevitable handicap of being compared with his father by choosing exactly the same career as politician, journalist, lecturer.

And as such he moves round the world as a chunky but portable storm centre who has only to make a controversial speech, which means whenever he addresses a meeting, to provoke accusations of impudence and attempting to assume the mantle of Churchill senior.

This is not entirely true.

Randolph left school early because an American agent read an article he had written and persuaded him to tour America and address meetings in like vein.

What is true is that Randolph has no conaciousness of ever speaking out of his turn, and suffers from a belief that everybody relishes the give and take hard-hitting as much as he does.

Lady Astor attempted to wither him in the House of Commons by retorting to his interjection:

"Be quiet, boy. Your own political honeymoon is over."

Randolph laughed. Others did not get away so easily.

Young Churchill has acquired a reputation for repartee.

In his brief wartime appearances in Parliament on leave he made three lively speeches and succeeded in getting the better of seasoned members, including Lord Winterton and Sir Herbert Williams.

Typical of the way he irks his enemies is his statement made in the House of Commons with outrageous aplomb that "Lord Winterton had clowned himself out of a job in the Air Ministry in one afternoon."

One of his older friends listened at great length to the youthful Churchill's summing up of the world situation all mixed in with a dissertation on New Testament miracles and the journeys of St. Paul, before saying rather wearily: "You know, Randolph, when I was your age I used to talk the same way as you are talking."

"Really!" said Randolph, quick as a flash. "I do wish we had met when you were at your best!"

The same stormy progress marked his war career as his political campaigns in peace. Up till 1939 Randolph Churchill had contested four elections unsuccessfully.

In war he was packed off to Cairo, where he was a staff Intelligence officer, and for a brief but glorious period was in charge of Press censorship.

"I got the sack from that," he told me cheerfully, "but not before I had reorganised our liaison with the Press much more to the liking of the Press.

"They say I set correspondents against the generals."

From there the irrepressible Major Churchill trained as a parachuter, and again made world headlines when he dropped in on Tito's army in Yugoslavia.

Aneurin Bevan, now Britain's Minister for Health and always a deadly enemy of Winston Churchill's politics, remarked at the time with his penetrating Welsh wit:

"Mr. Churchill is showering Tito with relatives and congratulations."

Randolph got into more scrapes of a different nature in Yugoslavia.

He and Marshal Tito had a close call when their headquarters were surrounded by Germans, and he narrowly escaped death when his aeroplane crashed and 10, including the Australian pilot and the mixed Empire crew, were killed.

"I was lucky because I was in the tail," he said, and added with a grin, "I think I'll always travel in the tail from now on."

Apart from that incident, other injuries he sustained in his hectic war service were a cracked vertebra from a car crash in the desert, a deep sense of personal affront when his own artillery fired on him, and a large concerted rebuke from many parliamentarians when he started urging for the second front.

He emerged from the "Tito affair" with a well-deserved M.B.E.

In 1939 Randolph was married with much ceremony and attendant publicity in Westminster to the Hon. Pamela Digby, who since she was only 19 years old had to get her parents' consent.

The marriage failed and she sued him for divorce in 1946 and secured the custody of their son, Winston, who is now six years old.

Notoriety has been Randolph's reward rather than domestic or political success.

Now he is turning all his interest to politics again and intends to stand as a Conservative candidate in Britain's next election.

As a sample of the sort of beliefs he holds about England to-day and will expound in his Australian lectures he says:

"The crisis is far more serious here than anybody wants to believe. Though both parties in England protest they would not consider a coalition, I believe they will get together to form one big party to overcome the crisis. It appears to be the only way.

"Right now Britain is full of plans to import foreign labor to help solve her economic crisis. But surely the answer is to export some of her own people to the Empire and balance the Empire's population.

"For instance, there are too few people in Australia, too many in England."

Family achievements

ON his thirty-sixth birthday Randolph set out to analyse himself and reflected that "From a family point of view I feel rather old and unsuccessful.

"At 36 years old my grandfather Lord Randolph Churchill was leader of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer and, next to Lord Salisbury, the most powerful figure in the Government.

"At the same age my father had already been a Cabinet Minister, President of the Board of Trade and Home Secretary, and was shortly to become First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

"But looking round England today one hardly finds anyone achieving any outstanding position before the age of 50.

"It is true Mountbatten, last Viceroy of India, is 47 years old; but despite his youthful appearance he is eight years older than Lord Curzon was when he assumed viceroyalty.

"The average age of the British Cabinet to-day is 62; in America only 51, and in France 47."

Then Randolph Churchill consoled himself with the thought that "Many of those who achieved success at an early age did not live long to enjoy it. Danton and Robespierre both died under the guillotine at 34. St. Just was executed at 26. Shelley died at 30 and Keats at 26. Perhaps, after all, it is better to be a late-flowering shrub."

FORMER WIFE of Randolph Churchill photographed with their son Winston when he was six weeks old. They were divorced last year.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, only son of Winston Churchill, is noted for his quick repartee, is always ready to argue.

HIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK is way friends describe 36-year-old Randolph, photographed here with his father and mother.

MARSHAL TITO, who received parachute visit from Randolph Churchill during the war.

OUR COVER

ON our cover this week is a charming informal picture of the four star Paris mannequins who came here to model clothes designed by famous French fashion houses and selected for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades. Top left is Janine Lequievre, beside her is Suzanne Combe, in front at left is Lydia Leplat, and beside her Maggy Sarragne. Parades finish in Melbourne this week and start at the Myer Apollo Hall, Adelaide, on September 8.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 6, 1947

UNITY IS STRENGTH

THE Governor of New South Wales (Lieut.-General Northcott) gave ex-servicemen sound advice when he addressed the N.S.W. State Congress of the Returned Servicemen's League.

He told them they must unite if they wanted to improve conditions for their members, and that unless they spoke with one voice they would not get far.

This commonsense is worth serious attention, and is a suggestion that might be noted by other organisations such as women's movements.

Like so many cliches, the old phrase "Unity is strength" is as true today as when it was coined.

General Northcott also commended to the R.S.L. the cause of Australia's war widows, whose plight is a sorry one.

At present, most war widows receive £2/15/- a week, with 17/6 for the first child, and 12/6 for each subsequent child. Child endowment adds 7/6 for each child after the first.

Any housewife trying to run a house in these days of rising prices and harassing shortages knows what a struggle it must be to support a family on such an income.

The war widows have found an able champion of their cause in Mrs. G. A. Vasey, widow of General Vasey, and president of the War Widows' Craft Guild, which is urging the Federal Government to bring the widows' pensions up to the basic wage at least.

This modest claim has not recieved much sympathetic attention yet, and Mrs. Vasey is able to quote many hardships which the inadequate pensions impose on the families of men who died serving Australia.

Here is a cause worthy of the support of all fair-minded people, of all women's organisations, and, in particular, of the full united strength of ex-servicemen's organisations.

SPROD looks at life—a cultural aspect this time: *An art show opening.*

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild times blow.

* * *

OBJECTIONS have been raised by descendants of the Kelly family about the intention of an Australian film company to make a film based on the life of Ned Kelly.

It is a little late in the day to protest about the publicity given Ned by film, play, story, and colloquial speech: ("As game as . . ." and "None of your . . . tactics").

Besides, the producer of the film is evidently planning to give no offence to anyone, for he was reported as saying: "There is nothing disparaging in the script, either about the manhood of the Kellys or the integrity of the police."

Obviously it is all going to be good clean fun, with the same sporting spirit as if the police and the Kellys were opposing sides in a well-run football match.

Disturbing as it may be to persons with a cold regard for facts, Ned is by now almost enshrined as a national hero. There are some who say this points to a basic lawlessness in our national character.

But I disagree, for you find similar legends in many countries. I doubt very much that Robin Hood was highly regarded by citizens of the day, and think it extremely likely that if he did rob the rich and give to the poor he took a very good rake-off for the job.

You find, too, that while few would boast of relationship to a contemporary gunman, many a respectable and honest citizen is proud to claim an outlaw as an ancestor, provided he's far enough back in the family history.

* * *

KING CANUTE didn't have a harder job than the new women's organisation in Texas, U.S.A., which is trying to prevent the adoption of long skirts.

Its members say there's no justification for the new fashion "while half the world is begging for material to cover its naked back."

I've been muttering precisely those sentiments ever since longer skirts were prophesied—and I'm doing just what you are: searching scrap bags for facings to use on last year's quite disgustingly short garments.

One point the American organisation made strikes me as a poor one. The president said: "Why should a girl have to hide her knees? They may be her best selling point."

A knee, looked at from a strictly mechanical viewpoint, is a very ingenious thing. Some knees are less knobbly than others. But if a girl's knees are her best selling point, all I can say is that the rest of her must be pretty crook.

* * *

IT'S happened! Just the kind of thing you can expert from now on.

An ex-Navy flier, William Kraft, finding the heat excessive in Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A., took a load of dry ice up in a plane and heaved it into a cumulus cloud. Result was heavy rain, cooling off Peoria.

I don't wish to be always croaking, but there may have been dozens of little Peorian girls, all dressed in their summer sheers ready for dates, who had to go home and change into their old navy-blue.

It may have been somebody's wedding day. It was undoubtedly somebody's washing day.

If the rain had fallen in the old-fashioned way they might have made the best of it. But in the circumstances, William Kraft would probably be wise to get right back in that plane and fly away from Peoria.

THE return of those stolen butterflies from London to Adelaide and their sorting out strikes a happy note in these confused times.

The Case of the Stolen Butterflies has interested me more than half a dozen Royal Commissions ever since it broke last February with the announcement that 3033 specimens were missing from Australian museums.

I've followed the instalments breathlessly, through their recovery in an English collection, the £100 fine of the collector who lifted them, and now like to picture the scene as curators of various museums try to sort which is whose.

"Ah, that Anisynta argenteo-ornata . . . one of ours, I think?" I imagine one curator as saying (after my brief study of the Australian Encyclopaedia).

"No you don't," says another in a courtly lepidopterous manner. "You've palmed off all the common old Hesperiidaes on me already."

They wrangle further on the ownership of a fine Mesodina coites, and the argument continues.

But, such is my faith in the reasonableness of the scientific mind, I picture them finally going off arm-in-arm together, loaded up with cases of butterflies and singing "To Each His Own."

* * *

COMES the first week of September,
Versifiers all remember
That it's Spring.
But are hampered rather sadly
By the fact that, well or badly
Though they sing,
There is really not an angle
That is left for them to mangle
On the thing.

Their thoughts are torn to shreds by
Those who know it's all been said by
Other folks.
Yet legion are the sonnets
On the new lambs and new bonnets
And new blokes
Which this long-established season
For some dim primeval reason
Still evokes.

So I know that I'm not staking
Any claim to fame, or breaking
Any ice;
But the green shoots on my cactus
In conformity with practice
Are precise.
And I can't forbear to mention
That it's likewise my contention—
Spring is nice!

* * *

THERE is no truth in the rumor that the Parliamentary reporters at Canberra wore masks and dominos during the Empire Conference on the Japanese peace terms.

When the secrecy precautions were announced, the Speaker (Mr. Rosevear) was reported as asking that the pressmen (whose offices are in Parliament House) should make themselves as inconspicuous as possible.

So naturally they called in Mandrake, who taught them to "gesture hypnotically." Since then they have been invisible to Federal members, who, I understand, found it all very restful.

Interesting People

Mr. RONALD AUBREY

. . . Royal chef is placid

FIRST Englishman to hold coveted position of Royal Chef, Ronald Aubrey is young, enthusiastic, like most chefs comfortably plump, has pleasant expression, brown eyes. His large staff says he remains unruffled in all emergencies. He had scientific cooking training at Westminster Technical Institute. Says: "I like working here as the Royal Family prefers simple meals well cooked and served and that is real craftsmanship."

Dr. MARTHA WHITELEY

. . . 80-year-old chemist

KNOWN as the "Grand Old Lady" of British Chemistry, Dr. Martha Whiteley is a Fellow of the British Chemical Society, and first woman member of its council. Although she is 80 years old her energy is phenomenal, and she took her full share of social and academic arrangements for recent centenary celebrations of Society. She has a ready smile. Says, "Plenty of interesting work leaves no time for growing old."

Mr. IVOR LEWIS

. . . speech specialist

NEW leaving certificate subject in Tasmanian schools is Art of Speech, and first man to teach it is Ivor Lewis. Backed by Tasmanian Government, Launceston Repertory Society and Competitions Association, he works in State and private schools. After leaving Air Force he decided to make a living entirely by speech. He was trained in London to deal with stammerers, stutterers, lispers. Says: "Australians are increasingly speech conscious. Have developed not an accent, but a dialect."

There is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON . . . Radio, room heaters, washing machines, super cooker

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PRESENTING JILL BLUNT...
and her enchanting family

You'll like this new feature by Jill Blunt, fascinating chronicler and illustrator of family life. She lives in an inconvenient but charming old house, enlivened by problems created by two high-spirited sons, Taffy and Penny.

Trained as an artist, Jill Blunt never meant to start writing. It just happened that she began to record week by week the comedies, misfortunes, and misunderstandings that befell her and her family. In her article on this page the family is introduced. Readers will meet them again each week.

PEOPLE will ask, "Are the characters Jill writes about real?" Are there really such boys as Taffy and Penny, do they say the things Jill makes them say, look like she makes them look? Is there even really a Jill?

The answer to all these questions is "yes."

Jill even looks like the distracted, amused, sometimes angry young mother she draws.

But because her illustrations aren't in color, you don't see her dark blue eyes or shining fair hair.

Taffy is nine, going on for ten. Penny is eight.

They call their mother Jill in real life. "Darling" and "dear" they also consider suitable forms of maternal address.

What sort of a woman is Jill Blunt, who writes so entertainingly about the problems of bringing up two small boys and running a house, yet still finds time to be the pivot of a large circle of affectionate friends?

Jill likes to cook specially exotic Continental dishes. She hates sewing, which she pretends she cannot do, and, faced with the contingency of bringing up Blunt Major and Minor, has good-humoredly thrown to the winds her book-learned theories of child psychology.

"Before I had Taffy and Penny I had a lot of theories," Jill told us. "I still think they're good. But they're too long-distance for me. Now I employ the direct method. It gets quicker results."

Not that Jill doesn't admire the mothers who can apply child psychology. It's just that with a Penny and a Taffy on your hands you haven't the time.

Taffy, student and sportsman, considers all good clothes—along with good manners, music, women, anything but a strictly Australian accent—sissy.

Penny is a more courtly type; magician, singer, and verse-maker. He also speaks, to embarrass impressionable visitors, a Frenchy-sounding language of his own contriving.

When speaking English he uses a cultured, faintly affected accent.

Living in the Blunt house, according to Jill, is not unlike living permanently on a busy railway station. This is because of the number of visitors, overnight guests, and casual callers who appear and disappear.

She promises, as she reports to us week by week, that we shall meet Ruby Wormwood, chatelaine of "Nightmare Abbey" and hated arch-enemy of all Blunts.

There is also Mrs. Leaf, itinerant washlady, who is immensely fat and delights in regaling the fascinated Blunt heirs with stories of a uniformly morbid nature; also their contemporary and friend, Hunter Smith, carrier of lethal weapons.

JILL BLUNT, who writes entertainingly of her family, and illustrates her stories herself.

Jill makes her own introductions

● **Now if you'll just come into the parlor, I'd like you to meet my family, a few of my friends, and of course some of our animals.**

I THINK they're all in there, judging by the noise, and please don't take any notice of the muddle.

It's such an odd room. My husband, who detests it, calls it the club car, and really it is rather like the expensive end of a transcontinental train—a slightly wrecked train.

This way . . . whoops! mind the step! Everybody trips over that one; but I do love those little stairs popping up and down in unexpected places, it gives the house a sort of old-world atmosphere.

Oh, dear, your ankle does look puffy. I'll get you a compress when you get settled by the fire.

I'm awfully sorry but you'll have to wait here a minute, I can't open the door, it's lost its handle, and mostly we don't close it.

But one of my friends has the opposite from claustrophobia, agra-something, and she goes round shutting things.

I'll just dash round and get the handle of the dining-room door, it's detachable.

Ah, now, here we are at last. Taffy—QUIET! Where are your manners?

Please! I want you to meet one of our Gentle Readers, or rather I hope she will be; but no doubt, Penny, if you brand her with that red-hot poker, she'll prefer to forget us. Put it down at once!

This is Alice, she lives next door, and this is Vicki, my sister, who has graciously provided me with two difficult relatives in the shape of nephews.

PENNY is our magician, poet, incubus . . .

TAFFY is our engineer, scientist, footballer.

HARVEY, the wonder rabbit, who appreciates a rose and a piece of cheese for afternoon tea.

And this is dear Julia, who takes me marketing, and generally keeps us both entertained, and bewildered.

Some of those legs sticking out of the scrum on the hearth-rug belong to my children . . . if you'll sit down somewhere I'll sort them out.

NO! NO!!! Not that chair . . . that's Uncle Edward's Folly. He's a rather robust man, and he broke all the springs.

Thank you, Julia . . . put it on the hearth; no, don't, it might explode. Taffy, what do you mean by filling up the chairs with donkey-engines? I thought those devil machines were tabu in the living-room . . . come here!

This is Taffy, my elder son. Must you go on like an imbecile? Stop scuffing your feet, and please remove your hand from your pocket.

Taffy is our engineer, scientist, and footballer, which explains the extreme blackness of his visible hand.

New weekly feature written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

And here we have Penny, all slicked up for the occasion. He is the apple of my other eye. Penny is our magician, poet, and incubus. Thank you, Penny, that was a beautiful bow.

That little puffball affair who is eating a piece of sandstone and a banana at the same time is called Pobble, because Pobble means food in his language—he doesn't speak English . . . he's my worst nephew.

Tiffy, come here, dear, haven't you got a hanky? . . . Ah, that's better. Tiffy is my best nephew, but he's got a dreadful cold at the moment.

The tartan bow poking over the back of the couch is Louise; she's Penny's fifth fiancee since last Wednesday. She is wearing a macaroni bracelet as a token of the betrothal; but she's eaten most of it.

The deceptive cherub with the cat tied round his neck is Sammy. He belongs to Alice, and so does this very clean young man Bobby . . . and that takes care of everyone in the room.

Oh, Papa? He's away at the moment winning bread; but when at home he's a bit of a bookworm.

Ohmigosh! I forgot Jobiska, nee Lucrezia. See over there? That rather geometrical cat in a Hapsburg moustache and dinner suit?

On the footstool, if you look closely, you will observe an obese ball of grey fluff with a bad look in its eye. Tober Mory, yes, he's a kitten, but we think he talks about us to the neighbors. He's named after Saki's malevolent cat . . . all our animals are named after their literary ancestors.

Shhh! Don't look now, but the Boris Karloff type who is killing off the japonica is Fouracre, our seventh gardener since Easter . . . well, no, that's not his name, I suppose, but the first one was called that, and all the others have been rather coy about names and said just call us Jack . . .

But this one hates us, and we don't think we'll ever see him again after to-day because we scolded him gently for his scorched earth policy and he took umbrage.

When he goes I'll take you down to see Harvey, the wonder rabbit, who wears black velvet gloves and boots, and as a special treat we'll take him a rose and a piece of cheese for his afternoon tea—that is, if Fouracre has suffered a single rose to live.

Now if you've finished your tea, I'd like to show you the rest of the house.

We're absurdly proud of it because it's so old it nearly has a history. And you must see the barbecue we ran up with our own busy fingers . . . and the fishpond where we hope to grow lampreys and watercress.

But first of all come and see the rat room . . . dank, isn't it? We'd like to detain Difficult Children in here, but it hasn't a key and no rats now. Jobiska ate them one by one.

JOBISKA

Oh, dear, the time . . . well, yes, we have several clocks, but you know how it is with clocks, and Chauncey, our oldest clock, is the only one that goes; but he's a bit vague.

Never mind, we'll walk to the bus with you, and keep you company till one comes.

Crikey . . . I'm terribly sorry, the Jack of diamonds seems to be adhering to the back of your skirt—curious. Ha! Honey, that's what.

Taffy!! Penny!! Now see what comes of playing with the cards while you're eating . . . I will confiscate the rest of the pack, and you shan't come to the bus with me . . . Say good afternoon . . . thank you, I'll deal with you later . . . GOOD-BYE.

TOBER MORY, a kitten. We think he talks about us to the neighbors.

MARCUS CLARK'S have everything for YOUR home. — Mail or phone your order.

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BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!

Esther Williams

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FIESTA" (in Technicolor)

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"

—*says this famous star*

HERE'S the gentle active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it works—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Take Hollywood's tip. You can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

The Bath and Complexion Care

of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

LT.210.22

[ADVERTISEMENT]

DON'T worry about meeting the cost of living, folks. It will just naturally overtake you.

* * *

A pal o' mine is sadder. And wiser. He decided to have a fling at matrimony. So he advertised for a wife. And guess what? The poor guy received answers from 1500 husbands saying he could have *their* spouses.

* * *

There's a mad craze for leopard in Hollywood. Lana Turner has a leopard belt with black slacks. Esther (bathing beauty) Williams loves leopard buttons on casual suits. Screen-thrush Kathryn Grayson wears black suede gloves with wide leopard cuffs. When worn by such lovelies, these are the kind of spots no man minds having in front of his eyes!

* * *

My sister says a wedding ring is a little like a tourniquet—it stops your circulation.

* * *

The Lux Radio Theatre proudly presents, in a week or two, the Ivor Novello comedy just opened in London and rolling 'em in the aisles. The name? "We Proudly Present." Keep an ear tuned, Sundays, to Harry Dearth's Lux productions, and at this rate you'll be hearing the latest play before it's off the author's pen.

* * *

Christian Dior, big name, big guy in the Paris Dress Collections, has ideas. But plenty. One Dior-inspired woollen day model has 15 yards in it. Another short taffeta evening pretty, 25 yards. What, no coupons?

* * *

Every time I mention fashions, my Uncle Rube laughs his head off. He says: "My boy, the frock your wife simply couldn't do without last Spring, is the piece of rag she's given you to clean the car with!"

* * *

"Green Dolphin Street," the film that's causing most excitement since "Amber," is sure shaking Hollywood. M.G.M. is creating an earthquake on the set—the first since "San Francisco."

Remember Queenie Ashton's many fine dramatic portrayals from the Lux Radio Theatre stage? Did you know she is also a musical-comedy singer? When petite Myrna Dodd, Lux star discovered by Harry Dearth, is married next month, Queenie will be soloist. That programme won't be broadcast, but you'll often hear both these clever girls from the Lux stage.

* * *

Answer to correspondence: No, lady, I don't think radio will ever take the place of a newspaper. After all, you can't swot a fly with a radio, now, can you?

Cheers, dears,

Woof

Her Jumper has that NEW look... that LUX LOOK!

Knitteds stay New-looking far longer with gentle Lux care

There's a picture-book enchantment about Lux-washed woollies. They keep their colour and their charm year after year with gentle Lux care. It's strong soaps and harsh methods like hard rubbing that make woollies dull and shabby before their time. But a dip in creamy Lux suds keeps woollies soft and shapely — with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.

Send for these free Knitting Instructions

Free instructions for "Pretty Kitty" jumper will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100 G.P.O., Sydney. WW.

LT.247.22

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Shell-gathering earns them a living

Couple turn Barrier Reef hobby into business enterprise

Like most people who spend holidays at the Barrier Reef, Mr. Edward Andrews and his wife were keenly interested in the shells they found there.

But when the time came for them to go home to Brisbane, where Mr. Andrews was the proprietor of a beauty salon, they found that the fascination of shell-collecting had really gripped them.

THEY had become keen conchologists without knowing it.

Mr. Andrews had taken the holiday under medical advice, and he knew an out-of-doors life would be good for him.

He and his wife decided to turn their hobby into a business enterprise.

The most colorful polished shells in their collection were made into costume jewellery with silver chains and settings, forming pendants, bracelets and ear-rings.

That was 11 years ago.

Now they spend nine months of the year collecting shells among the small, unfrequented islands of the reef, and three months turning them into jewellery at their home in Brisbane.

It takes hours of skilled craftsmanship to make these "jewels of the sea," and the finished pieces gleam like polished stones with natural color and sheen.

For small, quiet-spoken Mr. Andrews it was a welcome release from hair-styling and beauty salons in which he was not a scrap interested.

His wife was just as enthusiastic, and the work brought to light her hitherto unsuspected artistic talent.

To tour U.S.

EARLY next year the Andrews will leave for America, where they will lecture on conchology and Barrier Reef life. With them they will take a valuable collection of rare shells and many thousands of feet of color film showing the beauties of the Reef.

Now Mr. Andrews' younger brother, Mr. John Hardwick Andrews, has come from England to go into partnership in the business, and has brought with him his wife and daughter Rosemary, aged four.

The brothers came out to Australia 25 years ago, but John returned to England with his mother at the end of the visit. "I've been trying to get out to Australia again for almost 20 years," he said.

After England's cold climate and the restrictions operating there, he and his wife are looking forward to the Barrier Reef as a sort of a paradise.

This is how a day is spent by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andrews, on Heron Island, their headquarters for all but the three months' cyclonic season.

7.30: Go for swim before breakfast. (Heron Island has daylight saving all the year round for benefit of tourists).

9 a.m.: Take a boat and, tides permitting, collect shells by wading round the coral reefs on the smaller islands.

1 p.m.: Return for lunch. Afternoon spent playing tennis, sunbaking, or going big game fishing—one of their favorite sports.

7 p.m.: Dinner, with the evening spent dancing, playing cards, or torchlight expeditions around the reefs.

All of which sounds like one long, happy holiday, but, according to the Andrews', there is a great deal of plain hard work involved.

Shell collectors are only interested in live molluscs, some of which are found in sand, some in mud, and others attached to the coral reefs.

The Andrews'—wear shorts and shirts, gloves, and sandshoes well padded with several pairs of thick socks when they go on expeditions. Equipment, includes a case of surgical instruments for prising the molluscs from their hiding places.

"We have to wear socks, for the islands are composed almost entirely of pulverised coral, which is irritating to the skin," dark-haired, slim Mrs. Andrews explained.

"It wears right through the soles of rubber shoes in no time."

Dangers lurk in the coral pools and among the brightly colored sea-anemones for the unwary.

Conus shells are all poisonous, and careless handling even with gloves can result in a sting which may cause partial paralysis, or even death.

And socks do not always protect the legs from marine animals during wading.

"Mrs. Andrews was recently attacked by a black-and-white coral eel, which wrapped itself round her feet, and bit her savagely on both ankles," her husband said.

"It was a non-poisonous variety, but I've never seen her travel 50 yards so quickly," he added.

Coral mussels and the Haliotis or ear shell, similar to exquisite tinted mother-of-pearl, are the best shells for commercial use.

The live molluscs are killed with hot water on the collectors' return to camp.

"We think this is the most humane method, and it enables the full beauty of the shell's natural color to be retained," Mr. Andrews said.

"We leave them in the water until it has cooled so the shells don't crack."

After the lifting of rocks, continual bending and crawling under reefs, comes the work of cleaning the day's haul. Encrustations are removed from the shells with chemical preparations, polishers, and "sheer elbow grease."

Many collectors spend almost a day and a half cleaning and polishing one pair of shells, but the Andrews have discovered a process for reducing this job to a few hours.

Mrs. Andrews is given full credit by her husband for the idea of making the jewellery, and she does most of the artistic work.

This includes matching the shells—a painstaking process—handpainting the inner surface, and filling in the back with artificial stone to prevent the shells chipping.

Shells have never lost their fascination for the Andrews', and they have a fine museum collection of rare ones at their Brisbane flat.

They have helped scientists to locate rare shells at the Reef, and assisted an expedition which made a color newsreel which has been shown in England.

For four years they hunted for the Melwardy shell, a small, plain white cowrie with little beauty, but invaluable from a collector's point of view.

Last April they found their first specimen—only to have it stolen from their cabin.

Carefree life

MRS. ANDREWS' life is wonderfully free of domestic cares.

"I have practically no housework or cooking, because we stay at tourists' cabins and have meals provided the whole time we're at Heron Island," she said. "Occasionally we go camping for a few days, but even then there isn't much cooking to do."

She has also enthusiastically taken to big-game fishing. Coral cod weighing 20 pounds have been caught, and the record for the Red Emperor among tourists is 45 pounds.

When the tides are unfavorable the couple spend the day fishing from boats, using handlines and nets.

"The ordinary rods are no use at all with the whoppers you catch round the Barrier Reef," Mrs. Andrews said. "We have to use very thick handlines, because the rocks cut lighter ones."

After a few weeks in the city the Andrews' are chafing to return to the Reef.

"We're real natives now, and can't bear city life," Mr. Andrews said. "I wouldn't care if I never saw another beauty parlor in my life—and I don't think my wife would, either."

OUTDOOR LIFE leaves plenty of time for big-game fishing, over which the Andrews' are both keen enthusiasts. Fish shown here are coral cod, caught with handlines among the reefs.

PARTNERS: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andrews show some of their polished coral mussel shells, mounted in cases.

PASTEL-TINTED ear shells, in silver settings, make bracelets, pendants, and earrings.

BABY BANTERS — *Looks Like An Inside Job* — By Constance Bannister

Seems to me I had a marble somewhere.

It's not in my mouth.

And it's not in my throat.

Guess I'll have to get another marl

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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LANTIGEN drives out poisonous CATARRH,

BRONCHITIS, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds, Sinus or Antrum Infections

Establish long-lasting Immunity

Modern dissolved oral vaccine Lantigen 'B' combats Catarrh germs—neutralises germ poisons—promptly relieves stuffy Catarrhal head—clears nasal passages — frees breathing, eases tight, bronchial congestion — improves general health — increases resistance to infection — helps create long-lasting immunity.

A Different, More Effective Treatment—Which Immunises Too!

Lantigen 'B' provides dramatic benefits because it is a *dissolved oral vaccine*. That is to say it is a vaccine to be taken by mouth instead of by injection. It is, therefore, very different to an ordinary medicine.

It is produced under medical supervision by skilled bacteriologists, specially to combat the specific germs which are responsible for Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. It is absorbed by the body through the tissues of the mouth and throat and through the walls of the small intestine.

Five-fold Benefits

Lantigen 'B' acts promptly in five ways:—

1. It stimulates the development in the system of special "anti-bodies" or natural anti-dotes to the Catarrh germs.
2. These anti-bodies fight and destroy the invading organisms.
3. They neutralise the germ poisons causing the unpleasant symptoms.
4. They build up bodily resistance and help establish immunity against further infection sometimes for years.
5. General health is greatly improved.

READ THESE PERSONALLY WRITTEN TESTIMONIES

For over 11 years thousands of users of Lantigen 'B', not only in Australia, but in many other parts of the world, have proved its value.

A few of the remarkable results from using Lantigen 'B' are referred to in the letters printed in this announcement.

Marvellous for CATARRH:

"Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel quite a new man. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again" (Mr.) E. McKee, Glenlee Station, N.Z.

Wonderful Benefit—CATARRH and SINUS TROUBLE:

"I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus and Antrum trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good but after one bottle I feel a new woman".

(Mrs.) D. Camage, Mont St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

29 Years With BRONCHIAL CATARRH, Now Well:

"My mother has had bronchial catarrh for about 29 years . . . she could not lie on her right side without being nearly stifled with coughing. 5 weeks ago she decided to take Lantigen 'B' and hasn't coughed since".

(Miss) B. Lane, 12 Kable St., Windsor, N.S.W.

Canadian BRONCHITIS Sufferer—Prompt Relief:

"I have been a sufferer from bronchitis for a number of years and have tried all kinds of remedies without effect. I tried Lantigen 'B' and felt relief almost immediately".

(Mrs.) W. MacDonald, Bagot St., Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

RECURRENT COLDS Curbed:

"My elder son was never without a cold. Since taking Lantigen 'B' he has not had one cold".

(Mrs.) M. C., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

Doesn't Catch BRONCHIAL COLDS Now:

"I have been Bronchial for years. Before I took Lantigen 'B' I was always getting colds. After taking one bottle I have not had a cold for 18 months".

(Mr.) M. Nash, 37 Philly St., Enmore, N.S.W.

Nearly Blind With CATARRH:

"I have taken two bottles (of Lantigen 'B') and got wonderful relief. My case was a bad one. I went nearly blind and lost my hearing — both nostrils were blocked up. Now my nose is clear and hearing back to normal".

(Mr.) J. D., Tasmania.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA and CATARRH:

"I had a bad attack of Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh and was four months in bed. I had injections, tablets and medicines which did me no good. I was about again for two months — then bedridden again . . . I heard of Lantigen 'B'. In three weeks I was up and about and have improved ever since".

J. V. Pollett, 20 Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.

DOUBLY PROVED BY USERS AND BY SCIENCE

The continued success of oral vaccines is praised by Dr. E. Cronin Lowe in the "British Medical Journal" where he says "Clinical response has been most definitely marked" . . . by the Pickett Thomson Research Laboratories, London, in the same Journal, and by leading research workers in all parts of the world.

Lantigen 'B' is a modern *dissolved* oral vaccine and your chemist will know of its successful use right in your own district.

You can use Lantigen 'B' with confidence . .

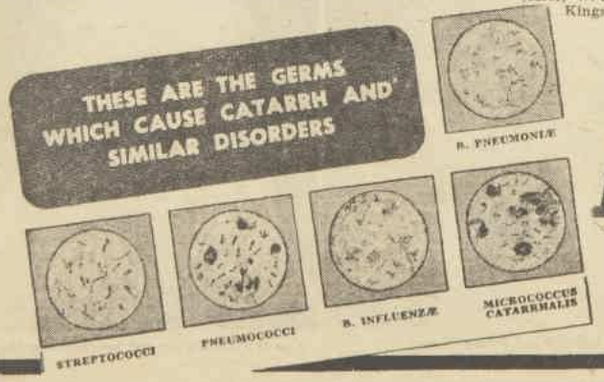
Because it is safe — Lantigen 'B' contains no drugs and is guaranteed not to harm the heart or any other organ of the body.

Because it is simple to take — Just a few drops in water at bedtime.

Because it is economical — In the doses recommended it costs less than 3d per day to use.

And especially because it has been proved so effective that you can expect from it the great benefits so many other people have already obtained.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST, therefore, for Lantigen 'B' today, to bring you general relief from Catarrhal and Bronchial trouble and place you on the road to general good health.



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FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

(£1/1/- per bottle—the Recommended Treatment costs less than 3d. per day).

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

Treats First then Immunises.

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

POWERFUL planets bring their influence to bear on the sign Virgo this week, resulting in much good fortune, favors, and gains.

Geminians and Sagittarians, however, will find that difficult conditions prevail, while Pisceans must dodge losses, partings, and disappointments.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Routine tasks best now, though Sept. 4 can produce surprisingly good fortune, so use well. Sept. 8 and 9 poor, so live quietly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Seek desired goals now. Sept. 2 (to 8 a.m.), 4, and 5 all good. Sept. 6 (5 p.m. to 10 p.m.) very good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live cautiously now. Indiscretions and discord bring regrets. Sept. 2, 7, 8, and 9 all bring worries, so keep to routine tasks.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Sept. 2 (morning) brings good fortune, but Sept. 3, 4, and 6 (11 a.m. to 5 p.m.) can prove tricky and adverse. Live wisely this week.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Sept. 2 (to 8 a.m.) and 3 (to 3 p.m.) both helpful; good fortune possible on Sept. 4, so use well. Rest of week tricky and adverse.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Good fortune possible on Sept. 4, 5, and 7 (to noon). Make good use of these days. Sept. 8 and 9 (early) both adverse, so live quietly.

"Try not to move around in there. I've got a pot roast in the corner."

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Routine work subdued now, but plan for good weeks to come. Meanwhile Sept. 3, 8 (to 3 p.m) and 9 all poor, so live cautiously.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Sept. 3 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) very good, but Sept. 2 (after 3 p.m.), 5, 6, 7 (early) and 8 all bring discord and worry. Routine tasks prove best.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Beware pitfalls and setbacks on Sept. 3, 2 (after 3 p.m.), 4 (afternoon), 7 (late) and 8. Routine tasks prove best.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Work hard now. Good fortune likely on Sept. 2 (to 8 a.m.), 5 and 6 (11 a.m. to 5 p.m.). Rest of week unhelpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Routine work pays best this week. Sept. 2 (afternoon), 6, 7 (early) and 8 (early) all poor. Plan ahead for good weeks to come.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): This week is dynamite for unwary Pisceans. Avoid all change, quarrelling, and upsets on Sept. 2, 3 (late), 6, 7 (late), 8 and 9 (early). Be most cautious and patient, and keep to routine tasks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 29-40 (29-32 expire Sept. 14, when 41-44 become available).
BUTTER: 26-30 (expire Sept. 14, when 31-35 become available).
MEAT: Black 61-70 (expire Sept. 14, when 71-74 become available), green, 12-19 expire Sept. 14, when 61-63 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy **COLONEL BARTON:** Explorer. His daughter **BETTY:** Goes, too. They are searching for the rare flame-colored pearls. The crew hear of this and plot to obtain the pearls for themselves. Mandrake and Barton descend to the ocean bed in diving-suits, and as Mandrake faces a huge octopus, **CAPTAIN BEEKER:** Orders First Mate Sims to knot Mandrake's air-line. Choking for air, Mandrake sends a telepathic message to Lothar, who unties the air-line. Mandrake spears the octopus and rescues Barton. They are brought to the surface. **NOW READ ON:**

★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

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SIGNING REGISTER. Lieut. Robert Manson, of New Zealand, and his bride, formerly Claire Watson, of Artarmon, sign register at St. Philip's, Church Hill, while Dean of Sydney, Dr. Stuart Barton Babbage, a New Zealander, looks on.

PEACE TALKS. Dominions Secretary Viscount Addison (left) and Lady Addison (right) with U.K. High Commissioner Mr. E. Williams and Mrs. Williams. Viscount Addison flew to Australia to attend Pacific Peace Conference in Canberra.

LOOKING AT TROUSSEAU. Pam Calder (centre) with her mother, Mrs. F. A. Calder, of Darling Point, and sister Diana, who will be bridesmaid when Pam marries Jim Maple-Brown, of Goulburn, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on September 30.

RECEIVING GUESTS. John Jacob and his bride, formerly Naomi Nettleton, receive Jill Reid and Nerida Nettleton at reception at Wentworth after marriage at St. John's, Wahroonga. Naomi is daughter of Donald Nettletons, of Warrawee and Willow Tree.

Intimate Gettings

DELEGATES from all States attending Australian Federation of University Women's Conference in Perth this week. After serious business of conference is completed at end of each day, gay round of parties are held in honor of visiting delegates.

Appointed delegates of committee of Sydney University Women Graduates are Edna Goulston, Julie Fitzhardinge, and Beryl Wright.

Conference is held every other year, last one taking place in Melbourne in January, 1945. However, Federation has been busy between conferences, and has sent more than twelve hundred pounds to Britain to help rehabilitate women graduates in oppressed countries of Europe.

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MAIN theme of conference is "We People Around the Pacific." Each State presents paper on subject, Sydney's being "Living Standards in Pacific Countries, especially as they affect women."

Sydney president, Mrs. J. W. Dakin, wife of Professor Dakin, unable to attend conference.

• • •

PARTIES planned over conference week include tea given at Mt. Lawley home of Vi Vincent, secretary of W.A. Association of University Women. Conference president, Dr. Lucy Bryce, of Melbourne, is hostess with Perth president, barrister Margaret Battye, at reception at Tintern Lodge. Perth Association of University Women gives supper "do" after Dr. Bryce's presidential address at Lady Onslow Hall. Business and Professional Women's Club arranges cocktail party, and conference dinner will be held at Tintern this Thursday

DINNER PARTY. Consul-General for France, M. de la Croix, Madame Jorstad, Dr. Arthur Fleischmann, Madame de la Croix, and Norwegian Minister, Mr. Lars Jorstad, dine together at Le Bon Cuisine, Double Bay.

ORCHID EXHIBITION. Barbara Finlay and Rosemary Bullock pose among bower of orchids at home of Mr. Sydney A. Shead. Mr. Shead will hold an orchid show at Cowells, George Street, on September 17, 18, 19. Proceeds in aid of Flying Doctor Service of Australia, New South Wales section.

SCOTTISH BRIDEGROOM. Bob Wales, of Greenock, Scotland, and his bride, formerly Joan Austin, cut wedding cake at reception at Usher's Hotel. Joan is fourth daughter of Mrs. C. E. Austin, of Edgecliff.

RECEPTION. Deputy State Commissioner Eleanor Manning chats with Marjorie Cobham, of London Girl Guide Headquarters, at reception given at Pickwick Club by Lady Julius, State Chief Commissioner, and members of State Executive Committee.

IMPRESSIVE ceremony at St. Luke's Hospital when memorial portrait of Sister Joyce Bridge is unveiled by Miss E. Sheerman, who was matron at St. Luke's when Sister Bridge nursed there before joining up for service.

Sister Bridge lost her life at Banka Island in February, 1942, and portrait, which is painted by Jerrold Nathan, is idea of ex-trainees and friends.

Many guests at ceremony include Matron Pike, of St. Luke's; Dr. Morris Humphry, Dr. and Mrs. George Bell, Dr. Victor Coppleson, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Dr. Skipton Stacy, and Mrs. W. G. Layton, jun.

Special guest at ceremony was Sister Bridge's mother, Mrs. A. Bridge, of Belltrees, Stoney Creek, Scone, who came to Sydney for unveiling.

• • •

BRIEFLY. "Ronnie" Williams returns home from King George the Fifth Hospital with baby daughter, Anne. She and husband, Peter, have had lots of cables and letters from "Ronnie's" family, the Harold Williams', in London . . . Rene and Ernest Lashmar having wonderful time in Ireland, and, like our boys in khaki, hope to be home by Christmas . . . Don McNiven sightseeing in Hollywood, and attending famous Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant for dinner and dancing . . . "Annie Get Your Gun" company in Melbourne sending food parcels to "Annie Get Your Gun" company in London. Sydney hopes to see show by Christmas.

• • •

COUNTRY interest in engagement of Ruth Hiatt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Hiatt, of Tighe's Hill, and Ronald Nash, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nash, Stockton. Ruth wears diamond ring.

• • •

OFF for a few weeks' country visiting is Barbara Saxton, pretty daughter of the Harold Saxtons, of Double Bay. Mrs. Saxton took party of young things to lunch at Prince's, including Barbara's country hostess, Sheila Minter, of Carinya, Gundagai. Pam McLeish, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Phil Hay, of Adelaide, made up attractive luncheon group.

RUSH of pre-wedding parties for pretty June Eedy, daughter of the Noel Eedys, of Blackburn, Yass, whose marriage with Stephen Hewlett, of Cremorne, takes place at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on September 16.

"I'm in the middle of a pre-wedding trousseau tea now," says June, when I phone her to hear all details of wedding plans. Lovely trousseau is shown to June's Yass friends before she comes down to Sydney in few days' time.

Next Monday, June's sister, Mrs. Ian Pettitt, of Cremorne, will give a party, and on day before wedding June's Yass girl-friends entertain at Prince's in her honor. Ruth Walker and Jill Younger will be bridesmaids at wedding, which will be followed by reception at Wentworth Hotel.

• • •

HEIRLOOM diamond engagement ring being worn by Dr. Elizabeth Himmelhoch, who has announced her engagement in London to Dr. A. G. Everson-Pearse, of South Devon, England. Elizabeth, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Himmelhoch, of Huntley's Point, writes details of engagement to parents, and tells them wedding will take place some time towards end of year, probably in November.

Recently Elizabeth and her fiance attended performance of "Oklahoma!" and night happened to correspond with Princess Elizabeth's attendance with Prince Philip and party. It was first time Dr. Himmelhoch had seen Princess Elizabeth at close quarters.

• • •

SADDLES, bridles, shining riding-boots are packed by Mary and Bill Monk when they start off on their honeymoon after marriage at St. Stephen's, Chatswood. Couple, who are both keen on horseback riding, plan three to four weeks away from Sydney, but destination is kept secret.

Mary, who is elder daughter of the J. B. Miles, of Gordon, was kindergarten teacher at Wahroonga Preparatory School. Bill is a lecturer in vet. science at Sydney University, and is veterinary surgeon to Sydney Turf Club. He and Mary will live in their new home at Chatswood.

Joyce

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WORTH Reporting

SEVENTEEN - YEAR - OLD former Etonian, Roderick Maude - Roxby, creator of "Bulgy the Frog," animal character beloved by English children, has come from England to write a book about Australian animal characters.

"Bulgy" brought fame to his creator when, at the age of 13, he wrote and illustrated "Bulgy in Wombolia."

"More Bulgy Adventures" followed, and the two books have sold 100,000 copies in England and on the Continent.

Since Roderick arrived in Melbourne in July with his brother David, 13, and his guardian, Mr. James Wilson, he has spent much of his time in the Australian section of the Melbourne Zoo and roaming the Victorian hills making sketches.

Bush lore is being taught to him by his guardian, an Australian who has been in England for several years.

He was headmaster of Brambletye School at Lee Abbey, in Devon.

Roddy attended this preparatory school before he went to Eton at 13½.

When at his preparatory school he began making animal sketches, frogs in top-hats, beetles in bowler hats, kings riding on snails. Round these he wove little stories.

"Why don't you write 'em, Roddy?" asked one of his schoolfellows.

"Yes, go on, Maudo, stick 'em in a book," they urged.

So Maudo stuck 'em in a book and soon completed a 12,000-word story with color and black-and-white illustrations.

Later, during holidays from Eton, he wrote more Bulgy adventures.

He told us, by the way, that at Eton during the war few of the boys had new clothes. When a boy left he left his clothes behind, and they were passed on to a new boy.

Roderick is the son of an English clergyman, the Rev. Howard Maude-Roxby, and is one of five children. His brother David is attending Geelong Grammar School.

Legacies for nurses

THE late Peter Menzies Dewar's bequest of £27,000 to seven nurses who looked after him until his death in Britain recently was typical of the man, according to Mr. Thomas Campbell, of Melbourne, a lifelong friend and Australian manager of John Dewar and Sons.

Mr. Campbell is also a beneficiary under the will, in which many friends, associates, and employees are mentioned.

Mr. Dewar, who was a bachelor, had been an invalid for some years, and he left £5000 each to five nurses and £1000 each to two others for self-sacrifices during their care of him.

He also directed that the nurses in his service when he died should be allowed to remain on the premises for a month, have everything they require, and then receive two months' salary and £20 travelling expenses.

Mr. Campbell told us: "'P.M.,' as he was always known, made a special point of recognising men and women who did a good job.

"He was just as quick to slap down laggards, snobs, and hypocrites.

"He joined his kinsmen in the famous Scottish whisky firm as a lad, eventually becoming its chairman. With his aggressive yet endearing personality, in 25 years of constant overseas travel he put 'John Dewar,' the genial, ruddy-faced, kilted Scot, on the map all over the world.

"Lots of people disagreed with *him*, but none forgot him."

His precise understanding of world trade led to his appointment as chairman of the Distillers' Export Committee directing Britain's best export trade financial asset during World War II.

Animal Antics

"Lookin' for something, mate?"

Wrong Ship

A COUPLE of months ago we had a picture page showing shipboard scenes on early vessels of the P. and O. Line, mentioning the Himalaya II, which was an ocean belle in 1892.

A 71-year-old Victorian reader (who forgot to give us her address) tells us that it brought back a memory which has made her laugh many times through the years.

"My sister and I (Annie and Mary Lyons)," she said, "were talking, and I suggested, 'How would you like to go on the sea? There's a trip to Williamstown on the Little Gem. It costs 1/- each way.'

"So we decided to go on our day off, Sunday.

"We arrived at Port Melbourne and followed a great crowd of well-dressed ladies carrying parasols, and gents with walking-sticks and straw boaters.

"I said, 'What a crowd going over to-day!'

"We followed the crowd on to the deck of a big boat. After half an hour I said to my sister, 'It's a long time starting.'

"I then went over to a well-dressed lady and asked, 'What time does the boat start?'

"She said, 'Oh, the day after to-morrow. Where are you going?'

"I must have looked very disappointed when I answered, 'To Williamstown.'

"She smiled sweetly—I can see the smile still—as she told us, 'Oh, dear, you get the Little Gem. It is coming across now.'

"We were aboard the Himalaya! Regretfully we disembarked and went aboard the Little Gem."

* * *

SOME long-distance trains in Britain now have loud-speakers which announce approaching stations and remind passengers to collect their luggage. This use of reminders has reduced Lost Property Office turnover by 200 articles a day.

Children's books

PEOPLE who think the modern schoolboy confines his reading activities to comic strips are in for a surprise, according to the organisers of Children's Book Week, which starts on September 29.

So popular have Australian books become with schoolboys—in particular those by Ion Idriess, Dora Birtles' "The Overlanders," and Dr. C. E. W. Bean's "From Anzac to Amiens"—that there's a regular stampede after school hours to secure them from children's libraries.

According to Chief Librarian Miss Thomas at the Mosman Municipal Children's Library, N.S.W., there's nothing too technical or too factual for these young gentlemen to take in their stride.

"The present generation of schoolboys are ardent readers of non-fiction, and are eager for books that keep them acquainted with world affairs," she said.

"Books on fire-fighting, engineering, and horse-breeding are also very popular—and on the lighter side, books on ballet, which boys favor even more than the girls."

Girls demand books on careers, biographies of great women, and stories of the composers.

Highlight of Book Week, observed throughout Australia, is a competition among various school-age groups for the best review of a book of their own choosing.

Winner of last year's Under 16 section was a young lad who chose "Wuthering Heights" as his subject.

* * *

IN England a Church of England clergyman has married a Congregational minister. The bridegroom was the Rev. John Leslie St. Clair Carrington, Vicar of Hampton, Middlesex, and the bride was the Rev. Elsie Dorothea Chamberlain. They are 36 and 35 respectively, met ten years ago at King's College, London.

Smile, please

WALKING down a city street, dressed in our best, we were stopped by a young returned serviceman with candid camera.

"Smile," he commanded, as we stood.

Not satisfied with our grimace, he looked over the top of his camera and poked out his tongue at us.

Startled, we laughed, and he clicked the shutter.

"That always brings a laugh," he said, giving us our ticket.

Perhaps so, though we thought that it's also a good way for the photographer to vent his feelings if he doesn't like his subject.

Wants a wife

AT 84 years of age Mr. Mitchell, of Vine Cottage, Cheltenham, England, is looking for a wife. Not regarding any of his women friends as particularly suitable, Mr. Mitchell wrote to the clerk of the Mynyddislwyn Urban District Council in Wales to find him a wife.

Of himself he wrote: "I am 5ft. 2in. in height, good looking, a non-smoker and a teetotaller, fond of walking, and no trouble. I will make any woman happy because I have been a comedian."

So far there have been twenty replies to the notice which the clerk gave to the local newspaper, and they have come from as far afield as Hastings in Sussex, Cambridge, and Chester.

Most of the women are in their fifties, but Mr. Mitchell is hard to please. His prospective bride must be at least 75.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

I'd have been earlier only I stayed behind to buy some RINSO.

Don't be caught rubbing on washday — use RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS instead!

Z 240.22

Best Mystery Fiction — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-

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Great Achievements

Taming the turbulent Colorado River, the Boulder Dam has formed a reservoir known as Lake Mead, which is the largest artificial lake in the world. The Boulder Dam was built at a cost of 165,000,000 dollars, and supplies electric power through high tension lines to cities as far distant as Los Angeles, 266 miles away.

FELTEX

PATENT No. 102501/37

Science, research and industry have contributed much to the convenience and comfort of every-day life. Feltex is a product of all-Australian manufacture which brings the luxury and beauty of modern wall-to-wall floor covering within the reach of every home planner.

As the demand for Feltex is so great, it is regretted that intending purchasers may have to wait for delivery of orders placed with their furnishing store.

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The Magnificent Morgans

Continued from page 5

STILL bewildered, Roger replied, "My father expects it. At first I'll be drawing about eight hundred a year, which ought to be enough for us."

"You'll be living in London?"

"In a service flat until we can get together a real home of our own. I've a thousand or so saved, but we'll keep that by until there's more stuff of better quality."

"Very sensible my boy. A thousand or so, eh? Invested?"

"In the bank," said Roger.

"Money in the bank is idle money. Make it work for you until you need it. Your father would agree with that, I'm sure, though, of course, the market is a bit unsteady at the moment."

"So I gather, sir."

"However, I may be able to put you on to something. We'll have another talk some time."

Mr. Morgan airily dismissed the sordid subject and refilled his glass.

After dinner, Mrs. Morgan cornered him for a chat.

"The way to a mother's heart is through her children, Roger, and Cathie is so very happy. I don't mind confessing to you that I have sometimes been afraid for her. She's an impulsive girl, and the theatre attracts the wrong type these days—men with brains but no morals or with money but no brains."

Roger laughed. "I hope I don't qualify as one of the latter. My father is reprehensibly wealthy."

"He must be very proud of you," Mrs. Morgan declared. "As proud as we are of Terry. He graduates next year, we hope, and has set his heart on seeing the world before he settles down. But," she added wistfully, "it may not be so easy to get him placed as a ship's doctor."

"Perhaps my father could help."

"Roger! That never for a moment entered my head, but . . . please let this be our secret! Cathie would never forgive me, and neither would Terry, of course."

Roger had an uncomfortable feeling that he had been rash. His father didn't take to string-pulling for friends. However, Mrs. Morgan's gratitude was so sweet that he hadn't the heart to disillusion her.

Somehow, he didn't quite know how, Uncle Basil managed to inveigle him into a game of piequet and relieved him of fifteen shillings before Cathie came to the rescue.

"I thought I warned you against Uncle Basil! I won't have any of the family getting at you, Roger!"

He drew her to him and kissed her. "I can look after myself, darling, and your family are like you . . . adorable. Even Uncle Basil."

It may have been the tang in the air, or Aunt Marta's cooking, but somehow, next day, it seemed to Roger that Mr. Morgan's scheme for turning the white elephant into a super guest-house was basically sound.

"People will be wanting luxury holidays this year," Mr. Morgan explained. "We can give them shooting, fishing, sailing—all the amenities of country and sea. Half the house is shut up now, but we could accommodate twenty people, at ten guineas a week, say. I happened to mention it to a local agent, and I've had inquiries already."

He frowned. "The trouble, of course, is capital. If I could get hold of a thousand or so, I could pay 10 per cent."

"That's a high rate of interest, sir."

"The profits would be high. For anyone with a thousand or so lying idle, it's a golden opportunity."

Roger nodded. "It sounds attractive and I'd come in on it if I could spare the money, but Cathie and I will be needing it for a home."

"You could have a suite of rooms here—it's only ninety minutes from London by road," Mr. Morgan suggested. "Take your service flat, by all means, but make this your week-end home by the sea. Your investment would cover all expenses, and you'd still have the capital intact. Between you and me, my boy, it would break Cathie's heart to leave this old place."

"I'd have to ask Cathie first."

"For heaven's sake don't do that! Women don't understand these things, and she'd think I'd been persuading you against your will."

Finally, Roger promised to think it over.

Cathie seemed to suspect something, because that evening she said, "Don't let Daddy talk you into anything, whatever you do. Don't invest a penny without getting legal advice."

"He seems to have a sound enough scheme," Roger told her. "I might ask my father about it."

"It's much more important that you should tell your father about us," said Cathie firmly. "You aren't afraid of him, are you, Roger—or ashamed of me? Then why don't you write to-night?"

Roger did. It was a long letter, starting with his love for Cathie, introducing the Morgan family as the charming people they were, touching on his intention of making an investment in the guest-house project, and ending with the hope that his father's company could presently find a berth for a promising young ship's doctor by the name of Terence Morgan.

Please turn to page 30

Model Murder

Continued from page 10

ANNE kept on, and she saw the woman now, standing at the head of the stairs. She was really just a girl, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three. She had bright henna'd hair and a scarlet mouth. She wore a green taffeta house coat, cut very low in front.

Anne reached the landing beside the girl. "It's very important for me to see Mr. Gilman," she said. "My name is Anne Potter—Mrs. William Potter."

A man had appeared in the doorway behind the girl. He was dark, and good-looking in a rather effeminate way. He wore a red silk dressing-gown over pyjamas. "I'll see you, Mrs. Potter," he said."

The girl spun around. "Howie! For heaven's sake!"

"Be quiet, Fay. Come in, Mrs. Potter. I'm afraid you find us in slightly informal mood. This is Miss Fay Lewis."

"How do you do," Anne said.

Gilman and Fay Lewis had been having breakfast in a little dining alcove opposite the front door. Fay Lewis stood with her back to the door. Anne saw that the girl was badly frightened.

"Of course I can guess why you're here, Mrs. Potter," Gilman said. His manner was a study in suavity. "You probably know the police have already talked to me. I've told them all I can."

"You know that my husband's been arrested?"

"Yes, I knew that. I'm sorry. I hope, for your sake, they find they've made a mistake."

"Howie, you mustn't talk to her!"

He looked at the girl coldly, and then turned back to Anne.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you think I can do for you."

"Bill is innocent," Anne said. "There's circumstantial evidence, and the police apparently are willing to be satisfied with it. I've got to find out about your wife, Mr. Gilman. I've got to find out who might have had a grudge against her. I came to you because I know the police have cleared you, that you have no reason to be afraid of talking to me."

"You mustn't talk to her, Howie!"

"Will you please be quiet, Fay. I'm afraid I can't help you, Mrs. Potter. Rose and I haven't been together for eighteen months. I don't know who her friends were or who might want to kill her. Rose liked to play with fire. It seems she got burned. I—"

"Will you stop it, Howie!" Fay Lewis came across the room and confronted Anne. "He doesn't know anything, Mrs. Potter. Leave him alone! If you want to find out about Rose, go somewhere else. Go and see Jimmy Ferris — go anywhere, but leave us alone."

"Who's Jimmy Ferris?" Anne asked.

"He was her boss, a professional photographer. If anyone knows about Rose, he does. Howard doesn't know anything, I tell you. You certainly had no right to drag him into it."

Gilman looked at Anne and shrugged.

"Our menage here is somewhat unconventional, Mrs. Potter," he said with a twisted smile. "I'm afraid Fay's concern is more for herself than for me. However, her advice is good. Go and see Ferris. He may be able to help you." He scribbled an address on a card.

It was the address of an office building. Anne went straight to it and found James Ferris' name was on the directory in the lobby. She went up to the ninth floor, and saw his name on the frosted-glass door of an office. She went in.

She found herself in a small reception room. The walls were covered with photographs of nude and semi-nude women. Evidently the photographic studio lay behind a closed door to the left.

Anne was debating whether to walk into the rear portion of the office when the door opened and a man appeared.

She was instantly aware of the strong scent of pomade. It was on the man's hair, which was black and shone like a polished pot. His eyes were black and round like shoe buttons. His mouth was a straight bluish slit in his face.

"Mr. Ferris?" Anne asked.

"No."

"May I see him?"

"What about?"

"It's personal."

"Oh." The smile was unpleasant. "I'm Manny Zak," the man said, as if it should mean something. It didn't to Anne.

"I'm anxious to see Mr. Ferris," she repeated.

"Jimmy's no use to anyone at the moment," Mr. Zak said. The shoe-button eyes went slowly over Anne. "Better come back to-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow's too late," Anne said.

Mr. Zak shrugged. "I don't know what you're going to do, then. He's dead drunk."

Anne hesitated, and in that moment the door opened again. A man lurched out. He was a tiny man, not over five feet two. He was in his shirt sleeves. His tie was loosened at his neck and pulled around to one side. He hung on to the door jamb.

"What's keeping you?" he said to Zak.

"You have a visitor," Zak said.

Ferris squinted as if there were a fog between him and Anne.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Ferris," Anne said. "My name's Anne Potter. I—"

"Potter!" Ferris reeled as though she'd hit him.

"Please, Mr. Ferris, it's very urgent for me to—"

"Get out!" Ferris yelled.

"Take it easy, Jimmy," Mr. Zak said.

"Potter!" Ferris whispered. "He murdered her! That's who it was—Potter! I read it in the paper. Potter murdered her. Remember, I told you, Manny?"

Anne glanced at Mr. Zak. Mr. Zak seemed not to have heard. His shiny black eyes were lowered to the pad beside the telephone. Then, very slowly, like a man in a dream, he reached out, tore the top page off the pad, rolled it into a tiny round ball, and put it in his pocket. At last he looked up. The light struck his eyes. They reflected it as polished black marble might have reflected it.

"Yes, I remember," he said. He swung down off the desk and stood facing Anne. There was something tense about him, something that suggested a tightly coiled spring. Ferris was breathing hard.

Looking at both these men, Anne was suddenly horribly afraid.

"I know you're upset, Mr. Ferris," she said. "I know Rose Gilman was one of your models. I know she—"

"If I were you, I'd get out," Mr. Zak said softly.

"But you see, I must talk to Mr. Ferris. It's a matter of—"

"I'm warning you, you better get out of here before it's too late." Mr. Zak turned and took Ferris by the arm. "Come on back inside, Jimmy," he said.

Ferris nodded, mumbling to himself. He disappeared through the door. Mr. Zak turned.

"If I were you, Mrs. Potter," he said, "I'd go away somewhere without leaving any address."

To be concluded

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Children are calmer when left alone

WHY cannot mothers of small children who are in hospital for only a few days accept the advice of the sister-in-charge and refrain from visiting them? Surely any mother can realise how much better it is for the child, who is usually quite happy, provided he is not reminded of home and mother.

The screaming attacks which follow the mother's departure upset the child and other patients. This is especially so if the child has had a throat operation. Much of the nurses' precious time is taken up in trying to console him.

The staff position in hospitals is not yet up to strength, and children upset by visitors make unnecessary tasks to be fitted into the day's work.

If the mother made her daily visits and peeped quietly in from a door out of the child's view, she could make sure that he was happy before leaving.

I did it with mine and know. I write as an ex-sister, a mother, and also as a recent inmate of a large general private hospital.

£1 to Mrs. A. E. Stodart, McDonnell St., Tanunda, S.A.

Interesting hobby

WHEN travelling abroad is out of the question, the next best thing, I think, is to develop a hobby which brings one in contact with people from all over the world.

I collect salt, pepper, and sugar shakers, not fancy silver ones, just odd and varied ones. In trying to secure these I have gained friends in places as far apart as Tasmania and the Isle of Man. I watch eagerly for the postman, never knowing what he will have in store for me.

By exchanging Canadian souvenirs with my overseas friends I am learning of other countries through personal letters and contacts.

5/- to Mrs. Roberta B. Gray, 8846-92 St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Hold the door

MOST people coming to a swing door dash through it, leaving it to smash backwards and forwards.

I don't mind this myself. I'm young, and can skip nimbly out of the way. But what of the old and infirm?

It takes not more than two seconds to hold the door in place.

5/- to M. Luck, 89 Elizabeth St., Hobart.

Washing-line

A NEWER and more effective way of hanging out washing on a wet day is this: Put two lines on the verandah, and peg the clothes

not along the line but from one line to the other.

In this way there need only be about four to six inches between the garments.

5/- to Mrs. T. Jaeger, Smithton, Tas.

Music, please

IT would be a good idea if wireless were placed in doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms. Music would cheer patients and be better than the usual deathly silence.

5/- to Mrs. Lily Harrison, 62 Pine St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

Destroy chain letters

I THINK it is time people who send on chain letters were made to realise how patently false are the threats and promises they contain. These letters always mention a famous person, who is supposed to have continued the chain and to have won a large sum of money. Others, we are told, broke the chain and suffered dire misfortune.

These statements are obviously absurd.

Copies have to be made of the original letter, itself anonymous. This original letter gave all details of people who broke the chain, and of those who were lucky. As the letter must be copied word for word, this means that the person who started the chain could have made up the whole thing.

Like thousands of others, I have been breaking chains for the past ten years without ill effects.

5/- to Mrs. D. Anderson, 361 Queen St., Concord West, N.S.W.

Male cooks

MILLIONS of women cook the family meals. Many with special qualifications cook for hospitals and institutions.

Yet men hold all the plums of the profession in the big hotels and holiday houses.

Are men really better cooks or more dependable when catering for greater numbers?

5/- to Mrs. Constance Wallis, "Bassett," Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

Cat's viewpoint

BEING a pure-bred Siamese cat and also as a member of the Suffering Cats Moonlight Quartet, I would like to reply to G. Scoresby (26/7/'47), who has evidently just about had us.

My owners have Buckley's chance of keeping me at home, although they have even tried a collar and lead and locked woodshed to keep me from joining the quartet.

We regret that our songs sound nerve-racking, but have never attached any great value to human opinions. Consider their radio programmes!

5/- to "Cei Shung," c/o M. Butler, 9 Beach Parade, Belmont, N.S.W.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

No excuse for discoloured streaks in your hair — long lasting Hillcastle Hair Pencil matches normal colouring — 7 shades.

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SCHOOL CADETS at the Australian Cadet Corps camp at Ingleburn, N.S.W., show keen interest in machine-gun instruction at Green Hills range. These North Sydney High cadets are among 1600 boys at the camp.

NEW ARRIVALS from Coff's Harbor (N.S.W.) High School—Cadets Nick Ferris (left), Les Cook, and Cadet L/Cpl. Irvine Scrivener—put down bedding in their hut before reporting for first day's duty. They collect straw palliasses from Q. store.

SCHOOL CADETS ENJOY ANNUAL

In camp at Ingleburn, they learn traditions of good soldiering

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

Every year during school holidays more than 10,000 cadets from schools all over the State come to the Australian Cadet Corps Camp at Ingleburn, N.S.W., for a taste of real army life.

They live in barracks, rise smartly to the bugle at 6.30 a.m., carry out parades and field duties and eat plain Army rations in the mess.

MESS DUTIES are rostered out among the various schools at the camp. Orderlies for the day from Kempsey and Cootamundra High Schools find parsnip-barbering an easy job.

PROCEDURE is modelled faithfully on Army tradition. Young "rookies," 13 and 14 years old, must salute a cadet officer when he passes, even though he may be the school football captain or just an elder brother.

And cadet officers must swot up the rules of mess etiquette as earnestly as they do Latin verbs.

When I visited the Ingleburn Cadet Camp during the current holidays with staff photographer Hans Hasenpflug, three battalions of cadets from more than 40 G.P.S., High and Country High Schools had just begun their training.

Run on a voluntary basis, and financed almost entirely by the Army, the Australian Cadet Corps was first started at The King's School, Parramatta, in 1863.

It now extends to schools throughout Australia, and has a membership of 23,000 cadets between the ages of 13 and 18.

BATTALION RUNNER Ernie Vitnell, 14, of Queen... High School, finds his first day at camp a busy one. ... message to Captain W. J. Mahoney, President of the S... Officers' Mess, who is also Army instructor in Admin...

Combined training

EACH school detachment is under the command of the school head, or one of the masters, who is given commissioned rank, and the boys wear small-size A.M.F. uniforms with distinguishing school pugarees and tabs.

Cadet drill is held regularly at schools, but highspot of the scheme is the period in camp when the school detachment becomes part of a whole battalion of detachments carrying out training together.

For the 13 and 14-year-olds, this is often their first time away from home, but the Army staff officers at the camp know how to handle any cases of homesickness.

"When we find a boy is a bit miserable, we have a chat with him, and take his mind off his troubles by interesting him in some aspect of camp life," Major O'Sullivan, Staff Officer of Senior Cadets, told me.

"Most of the little fellows soon grow to love it, and we've only ever had one case where a boy packed up and went home because he didn't like camp life."

Each day has its schedule of field craft, patrol work, sport, and rifle instruction designed to keep the boys fully occupied, and they're usually so tired at 10 p.m. that they don't even have time to think of pillow-fighting.

"We make a point of mixing the schools together in the battalions because certain schools provide an excellent example which the other boys are eager to follow," the Staff Officer of Administration, Captain W. J. Mahoney, told me.

"Occasionally boys from one school decide to have a fight with another school, and that in itself is quite useful. They meet their match, develop a new respect for the other fellow."

More important than the training, it teaches the boys to be good soldiers of the future in the sense of responsibility, discipline, and order, which the Cadet Corps instils in its members.

All are eager for promotion, which is awarded on merit, and a large share of responsibility for the appearance and conduct of cadets falls on cadet officers, who are commissioned from 15 onwards.

These young officers take their duties very seriously, particularly during formal mess, which occurs twice in each camp.

On their first day of duties newly fledged cadet lieutenants are taken aside by a senior subaltern, whose role it is to initiate them into the mysteries of formal mess procedure.

They are taught to remain standing until the president of the mess arrives, to pass the wine decanter so that it does not touch the table and to charge their glasses to the president's toast—"Gentlemen, the King."

As no cadet is allowed to drink or smoke, the ... lemonade, judicious... Army with rap... in with formal ...

"It tastes all ... Cadet Lieutenant ... North Sydney Hi... joke is that the ... have to drink it ... attending cadet ... mess."

Cadet officers ... to arrive late for ...

"Before you ... have to go and ... president, but the ... of matters," his ... Lieutenant Court, ... wards you have ... why you were late ... duties' is the ... accept."

Good m...

THERE is nev... supervising ... conversation ... They know the ... etiquette by he...

"We have very ... religion among ... the instructors ... all denominations ... and the boys qu... spect the views of ...

Although the ca... to carry out vari... camp, cooks are ... the only boy who ... to learn to be a ... young Cadet Dar... Kempsey High Sc...

WALKIE-TALKIE INSTRUCTION forms part of the signalling course by Senior Signal Instructor Sgt.-Major Kimpton. Here he gives practical demonstration to boys from Newcastle Technical High School in the Signals Section at Ingleburn Cadet Camp.

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ACCURACY is important aspect of all instruction at the Green Hills rifle-range. Here Cadet Sgt. John Latimer, of Sydney Grammar School, uses range-finder on the Vickers machine-gun, confined to the more advanced cadets in the camp.

SPELL OF ARMY LIFE

BANDSMAN Michael Carter, 14, of Knox College, Sydney, takes his music seriously when the cadet bands strike up with "Colonel Bogey." He is one of the cadets in camp at Ingleburn, N.S.W.

...nbman (N.S.W.) ...re he delivers ...he Senior Cadet ...istration Section.

...toast is drunk in ...ously colored by the ...berry syrup to fit ...ness requirements.

...ght," conceded ...t Bob Dickson, of ...High School. "The ...army staff officers ...ten when they're ...officers' formal

...know better than ...r formal mess.

...ant it down you ...apologise to the ...ha... not the end ...ell... officer, Cadet ...explained. "After- ...to give the reason ...and carrying out ...only one they'll

...mixers

...ve any trouble ...g cadet officers' ...in the mess. ...e rules of mess ...eart.

...few arguments on ...the boys," one of ...said. "Schools of ...are represented, ...ly learn to re- ...officers."

...ts are rostered ...ow duties in the ...d to find, and ...has volunteered ...permanent cook is ...y Dyson, 14, of ...hool.

TRENCH MORTAR and machine-gun practice is confined to senior cadets at the rifle-range. These North Sydney High cadets, Lieuts. Court and Smilde, are advanced pupils in mortar instruction.

Daryl was persuaded to train as cook for the fortnightly bivouacs his school detachment holds in the country. He started work in the cadet officers' mess.

"A lot of boys growl about the food, but they don't know when they're well off," he said. "I'm learning to taste various dishes now, and I'll start cooking them in a few days."

Main complaint among the boys is that they have to eat potatoes cooked in their jackets.

Until recently peeled potatoes were served, but so much wastage resulted from over-enthusiastic "spud barbering" squads that the administrative staff clamped down on this delicacy.

An attempt was made also to start a cookery school at the cadet camp to train mess orderlies, but it did not last long. Boys didn't like the idea of being made into cooks.

Ration at the camp is limited to three meals a day and supper, but a canteen is available featuring a heavy stock of the buns, sweets, and bilious cakes favored by cadets with funds.

Most of the stomach-ache cases which find their way to the camp hospital can be traced to unwise spending at the canteen.

Every boy during his eight days at camp gets a chance to attend the bivouac at Green Hills rifle-range, where he receives practical instruction in army weapons.

"The guns are the best part of the whole camp," freckled, 13-year-old Cadet Albert Jeffreys, of Coff's Harbor High School, said.

Some country schools have their own rifle-range, but most of the boys have their first lesson with firearms in the camp.

Every boy I spoke to voted the rifle-range the most interesting part of the training course, and showed surprising understanding of the finer points of artillery.

"We make it a rule that every boy must know the details of firearms and the correct way of handling them before he is allowed to use a rifle at the range," an instructor in the general training section told me.

"We don't allow any boy under 14 to use the .303 rifle. Most of them are only little fellows, and the kick from the rifle bruises their shoulders.

"If we let them have their way, they'd make straight for the Bren guns and three-inch mortars."

Gun practice for advanced cadets is preceded by demonstrations by instructors, described in detail over an amplifying system. Parties of about 700 cadets attend the range, and are expected to work out calculations and timing for themselves.

In target practice, many of the cadets score highly. Out of a possible 120 points, they sometimes score 115.

A score of 90 points is the average in the second year at camp.

No souvenirs

EVERY care is taken by instructors to see that no accidents result.

"Boys are often tempted to souvenir live cartridges from the .303 rifles or machine-guns, but that is strictly forbidden," Major O'Sullivan said. "We search the boys before they leave the range."

Attendance at the camp this year shows there has been no falling off in numbers joining the Cadet Corps, and no attempt is made to influence boys to join the permanent forces on leaving school.

But the keenness and fine bearing of the cadets and the praise the scheme receives from school authorities show the value of cadet training to Australian youth.

SOLDIERLY BEARING of cadets at the camp is a credit to the scheme. This 15-year-old lad from De La Salle College, Armidale, has been a cadet for 18 months.

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The Magnificent Morgans

Continued from page 27

NEXT day the reply came by wire: "Fool and his money soon parted stop marriage talk nonsense stop suggest you need doctor not company stop arriving Saltings twelve-ten to rescue you from sharks."

Roger broke the news that his father was coming, adding that it might be better if he met him alone. Unfortunately, the station was three miles away, and the pony would allow only Uncle Basil to drive him. So Uncle Basil went, and so did Cathie.

Trouble with a broken bit made them ten minutes late at the station, and their unpunctuality didn't improve Mr. Chapman's temper.

He was a big, strong man with a square jaw and a disconcerting iron-grey gaze. He looked at the pony and trap, at Uncle Basil's corduroys, and at his son's rather sheepish face. Then he looked at Cathie and grunted. The grunt plainly said, "Now I can see why Roger has made a fool of himself, but you needn't think you're going to get away with it, young woman!"

Aloud he said, "Is there a hotel nearby where we can talk?"

"Mrs. Morgan expects you back to lunch, Dad," Roger told him. "And I do want you to meet Cathie's people. This is her Uncle Basil."

Uncle Basil bowed, and held the door of the trap open. Mr. Chapman climbed in without hesitation.

"You can collect your things, Roger," he said. "We'll be catching the three o'clock train back."

Uncle Basil flicked the pony, which set off at a smart trot. Mr. Chapman had ceased to take an interest in the distant landscape and was watching Uncle Basil's driving technique with growing irritability.

"Why doesn't the fellow keep to the left side of the road?" he demanded.

Roger was just telling him that there wasn't any traffic in these parts when the furniture van came round the corner. It stopped with a screaming of brakes. But too late. The startled pony swerved, took the bit between his teeth, and bolted.

The bit strap broke, and the trap lurched and hit a rut, spilling Chapmans and Morgans into the lane.

Mr. Chapman, weighing fifteen stone, was the only casualty. He sat in the mud, nursing his ankle, saying some very uncomplimentary things about Uncle Basil.

"We must get him home at once," cried Cathie, very upset. "Thank goodness Terry is almost a doctor."

The pony was calmed and the bit temporarily fixed. Mr. Chapman was helped into the trap, still cursing Uncle Basil, who wisely led the pony the rest of the way by rein. It was obvious that Mr. Chapman was in considerable pain.

The occasion, as the Morgan family were quick to grasp, called for drama. Mr. Morgan rushed to the sideboard for brandy. Aunt Marta to the hall for walking-sticks, and Mrs. Morgan hovered piteously on the steps wringing her hands.

Terry Morgan, in his element, insisted on making an immediate examination. "My first case!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"If you think you're going to touch me, young man," boomed Mr. Chapman, "you're mental." Shock and pain, however, had weakened his resistance. He allowed himself to be put to bed, and accepted Terry's verdict that the ankle was badly sprained and that he wouldn't be able to use it for a couple of weeks.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," he told Roger grimly, when they were alone. "Now I'll be able to find out exactly what sort of mess you've got yourself into with this crazy family."

"They're grand people when you get to know them, and—Dad, what do you think of Cathie?"

"What do I think of her?" Pain got the better of Mr. Chapman's natural caution. "She's the usual bait, dangled in the usual London leg-show, for the usual mugs. If necessary we'll pay her off."

Roger went white to the lips and his eyes blazed. With an effort he controlled himself and spoke quietly.

"You aren't yourself, or you wouldn't say things like that about the girl I'm going to marry."

"You crazy young idiot, you don't know what you're talking about!" roared Mr. Chapman. "We're going home! Send for a taxi and take me out of this bedlam!"

"Terry says you can't be moved."

"So that's the idea! They're keeping me a prisoner—for a ransom, I presume! Was the accident staged, as well? Get this into your thick head, Roger! No third-rate family of broken-down actors is going to sponge on the Chapmans!"

Roger opened his mouth to say something, but luckily Aunt Marta came into the bedroom bearing a tray. A quick glance told the belle of the first world war that a battle was raging.

"Mr. Chapman must rest," she said. "Run along, Roger, and don't worry your father. I've made him some nice chicken soup."

Down in the lounge Roger found Cathie waiting with her parents. He was surprised to find himself trembling, and gratefully accepted a stiff whisky from Mr. Morgan.

"You may find father a rather difficult patient . . ."

"Not with Marta to nurse him," said Mrs. Morgan. "It was a part for which she was often cast with outstanding success in the old days."

Cathie had been looking at Roger. "You've been quarrelling with your father," she accused. "About me. What does he want you to do?"

"Send for a taxi and take him home by train," he told her grimly. "I don't see why you should be saddled with him, so I think I'll phone for an ambulance and pack him off by himself."

"If I were in your place," Mr. Morgan soliloquized, "I should leave him here and catch the three o'clock train, with Cathie."

Roger nearly dropped his glass. "You mean——"

"You can get a marriage licence," Mr. Morgan went on, "and have a nice honeymoon before telling Mr. Chapman anything about it. By which time, restored to health, he will be in a happier state of mind."

"An elopement!" breathed Mrs. Morgan.

Roger hardly heard her. His face was flushed and his mind was in a whirl of growing excitement.

"Go and pack, Cathie!" he said.

"I'm not going to marry you without your father's consent, Roger. Now I've seen him I know what he'd say . . . what he has already been saying."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Roger said.

"Yes, you do. Daddy's been at you about the house, and mummy's been at you about Terry, and Uncle Basil has been winning money from you . . . all because you're your father's son!"

She burst into tears. Roger went to her and put an arm around her.

"It isn't my fault, Cathie," he said quietly, "but you're blaming me for it. The odds are that dad will cut me off with the proverbial shilling, and what will happen then? Will your mother snatch you back, and your father turn me out? I don't believe it! Your family have accepted me, and I'm proud of it."

"I wasn't trying to skin you, boy," said Mr. Morgan gruffly. "It's a proposition I'd put to my best friend—if he had any cash."

"And a mother only tries to do the best for her children," said Mrs. Morgan.

Roger grinned at them. His grip on Cathie tightened.

"I've got what I want," he said, "and I'm not letting go. Go and pack, Cathie."

"But, Roger——"

He stopped her by kissing her on the lips.

Roger came back from the hotel telephone looking like a puzzled young man whose conscience was pricking.

"I can't make it out, Cathie. Dad isn't back at the office yet, and we've been married a fortnight."

"Fifteen days," she corrected. "Are you worried?"

"His secretary says the ankle has turned out to be a longer job than your brother expected, and that, plus us and being kept away from his work, will drive father crazy. He'll never forgive me for this."

"I think he will, or I wouldn't have married you," Cathie said quietly. "The rest at Saltings may have done him good. My people will take good care of him, Roger."

ROGER kissed her, but doubted whether his father would respond to the ministrations of the Morgans. His opinion of his son, already low, would by now be at zero.

They sent a wire. Again they travelled in a train that wandered over the Essex flatlands, and again they saw the pony and trap waiting for them outside the station.

But Uncle Basil wasn't there to meet them. Instead, Mr. Chapman held the reins and beside him sat Aunt Marta. Mr. Chapman, fully aware of his son's amazement, looked as self-conscious as a captain of industry can.

"I wasn't going to let that lunatic Basil drive," he growled, "and Marta thought the fresh air would be good for me."

"Marta?" echoed Roger. Cathie nudged him, but it was too late. Mr. Chapman had gone very pink.

"I was one of the many thousands who admired your aunt's talent in the last war," he said stiffly. "Those were the days when acting was acting, and I well remember sitting in the third row of the stalls——"

"I first saw Cathie from the third row," Roger interrupted.

Cathie's eyes sparkled. "You shouldn't remind Mr. Chapman of that, Roger. At least, not unless we've been forgiven."

"You won't be forgiven if you insist on calling me Mr. Chapman," said Roger's father. "Giddup, you."

He drove fast and well, with Aunt Marta sitting demurely beside him. Once he turned to see that she was covered by the rug. Roger stared at Cathie in bewildered amazement, and she smiled at him. "It's the air down here," she whispered softly.

At the house Mrs. Morgan was waiting to welcome them. "It's lovely to have you home again, Roger, especially now Terry has gone." She dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of lace. "I can hardly bear to think of it, but . . . soon we shall be losing him."

"Where's he going?" asked Roger mystified.

"Your father insists on his going into the Chapman Company when he gets his degree. He says Terry is just the type of young man who makes a successful ship's doctor."

Mr. Morgan stood framed in the doorway, the setting sun turning his leonine mane to silver.

"Come in, everyone, and make yourselves at home. No need for me to say that to you young newly-weds, since this is to be your home."

"Our home?" Roger exclaimed.

His father coughed. "Mr. Morgan and I have gone into partnership, Roger, on the lines laid down in your letter. We hope to have the house ready for guests by the beginning of the season, and I shall be running down at the week-ends, as," his glance flickered to Aunt Marta, "the air seems to agree with me. I shall have my suite, and you and Cathie yours."

Uncle Basil lounged into the hall, in new expensive tweeds, and smoking a large cigar. In one hand he held a pack of cards, which he flicked invitingly at Mr. Chapman.

"Time for our usual game," he said.

Roger slipped an arm through Cathie's and drew her aside.

"Now I know why your family are called the Magnificent Morgans, darling," he told her with loving pride. "But it's an understatement. They're colossal!"

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Aunt Agnes Couldn't Waste

Continued from page 7

NANCY was sorry for Agnes, but she worried a little less as she watched her attacking her dessert as if she were to be paid for every mouthful.

"It's the best cake I've tasted for years," she said. "I'm really disappointed that you don't like it. It would be a waste to leave any; I'll simply have to eat it all by myself. I remember that I always wanted a whole cake all for myself, and now the wish has come true." Eating one piece after the other, she completely forgot about her annoyance.

That night I couldn't get to sleep. I was so hungry. After turning for a while, an alarming desire to gnaw at the bedposts seized me and I decided it was high time for action and started downstairs for a raid on the ice-chest.

I naturally knew my way around in my own house, but this time I bumped into furniture in the most unexpected places and inwardly called Agnes all kinds of names for her interior-decorating aspirations.

At last I groped my way to the ice-chest, which Agnes fortunately hadn't been able to move, and I thankfully celebrated a reunion with a big chunk of cold ham.

My pleasure was interrupted as I heard furtive steps in the darkness. I remembered too late that I had no weapon with me, and knew, too, that it would be of no use to dash for the broom as Agnes would have certainly moved it.

Thank heaven, however, it was not a burglar, but only Nancy, who hadn't been able to sleep either because she was hungry. We ate in silence for a while and then we started to talk about Agnes.

"It looks as if we're going to starve on her diet," I said ruefully, "besides, we'll be covered with bruises as a result of her mania for rearranging furniture."

"I suppose so," said Nancy. "Still, I'm sorry for her. She looked so happy when she scraped up the last bit of that messy green icing like a greedy kid."

"Why doesn't she make a cake just for herself?" I asked grudgingly, but the generous tuck-in of ham was already beginning to restore my good humor.

"She wouldn't dream of spoiling herself to such an extent," Nancy answered. "I can see it all—she's only accustomed to live in the shadow of other people's lives. She only had the leftovers from the happiness of somebody else. Dad, I've a wonderful idea. I want Aunt Agnes to be happy. We'll ask for all the fancy cooking she has always wanted but never allowed herself. If we don't eat it, she will."

"And we'll starve in this wonderful way," I objected, "and she'll feel hurt when we don't like it."

"She'll get over it. At least she'll eat everything herself, for she's incapable of wasting. We really owe it to her, Dad. Didn't she come to make us happy? And there is always the ice-chest for us."

We carried out this plan. Agnes got plumper because she had more than her fill to eat of the things we didn't want. She was cross with us sometimes and called us fussy wasters, but she ate anyway. Before long she looked much younger and healthier.

"When you really feel hungry you won't be so fussy any more," she told us resentfully. She didn't know, of course, that Nancy and I raided the cupboards every night.

As she couldn't do it with her cooking, she tried to make Nancy happy in other ways. One day she came in, her face gleaming with pride, very carefully carrying something that looked like a green bird with yellow eyes sitting on a pink-and-blue wreath of flowers.

"What's this?" I asked, startled, afraid it was a new experiment in cooking.

"It's a hat," she answered, "the very latest creation. I bought it for Nancy. I always wanted a smart hat when I was her age. The milliner thought that I was buying it for myself as I tried it of course. However, Mrs. Wood left plenty of hats for me. I got this hat in place of the doll which I had bought before."

I knew that Nancy was thinking: "I would rather have had even the doll." She was very near tears as she stood in front of the mirror, bearing the fabulous bird perched on her tousled hair. The contrast of the hat and her overalls was hardly what you'd call smart, but she hadn't the heart to say anything.

However, when we were getting ready for church on Sunday, Nancy politely refused to wear the green bird. This happened when Agnes started to discuss the dress she should wear to match the hat's colors of green, yellow, pink, and blue. Agnes looked surprised and hurt when Nancy objected.

At last Nancy took out her old hat, which was quite good and attractive, though I had sat on it once by accident. It was a good hat and it didn't give up easily.

We went down to the car ahead of Agnes, and as we were waiting for her Nancy said, in a worried voice: "I hope she didn't take it too hard. She's probably crying her eyes out now, but I couldn't have made a laughing stock of myself, could I?" Nancy was like her mother, who had been so careful not to hurt anybody.

I didn't have time to answer, for just then out of our house stepped a vision. She looked trim and smart and on her head was a green bird, encircled by a pink-blue wreath.

At first we didn't recognise Agnes. She looked a different person. The hat wasn't ridiculous any more. It's strange how she had got the cosmopolitan flavor, although she probably hadn't seen much more of a big city than a sickroom with its crippled old woman.

Agnes climbed into the car, saying apologetically: "It was the most expensive hat I could buy. Nancy apparently didn't like it, so I'll have to wear it—one simply can't waste such a wonderful hat."

I drove the girls to church, but changed my mind about going with them. I simply hadn't the courage to be seen by the Lord sitting beside a bird with yellow eyes, surrounded by flowers.

When they came from church Nancy had a lot to tell me. Agnes had been a sensation. All the women had looked at her admiringly, but had stopped their approving glances after noticing that their husbands seemed pleased and interested too. A few elderly bachelors and widowers of the neighborhood dropped in later in the afternoon. They mentioned casually that they hadn't known that I had a sister.

The girls drove to town frequently after that and my sister bought quantities of clothes for Nancy. She selected them according to her own taste—what she would have liked when she was Nancy's age—so Nancy didn't like most of them.

When Agnes was sure that Nancy was definite in her refusal to wear them, she was very much disappointed but wore them herself. None of the 15-year-old models had a chance to leave the wardrobe any more, because Agnes couldn't bear to waste the new dresses.

"You're a very fussy whimsical girl," she scolded Nancy as she stood in front of the mirror examining the reflection of the brand-new Agnes. What a change from the thin, drab little person who had come to buy our farm not so long ago, to make us happy!

Agnes ordered books for Nancy, mostly novels about girls who had a mink coat as well as a complex. She couldn't make Nancy read them, so Agnes read them aloud to us, revelling in all the troubles of her heroes and heroines. Since the reading was not more disturbing than the radio we always had on before she came, she didn't bother us.

I sat in my most comfortable chair—Agnes had hidden it in the cellar, but I had found it at last—and while my sister read to us I considered whether or not I should send Bella to the next show. Nancy dreamed about Bill and didn't listen either, but when we glanced at our entertainer we saw a woman quite attractive and full of life.

We both grinned. We had done a good job with Aunt Agnes.

Everything would have been all right if my sister hadn't had a new idea. She suddenly inquired one day: "Hasn't Nancy a boy friend?"

I wanted to talk about Bill but found out there wasn't much to tell. He certainly hadn't the glamor of the heroes in the novels Agnes admired so much. So I only shrugged my shoulders.

"The poor child," Agnes said once again, "what does she have from life? No boy friend, no fun—just Bella and you."

"She's happy this way," I insisted.

"You don't understand the depths of a girl's heart," Agnes informed me again. "Didn't I look happy to you when I was her age? You didn't guess that I was dreaming all the time about a fine young man with a good education and a silky lock of hair which fell over his forehead or perhaps with glasses. Glasses suit intelligent-looking men."

"I can't remember such a fellow," I said.

"He only existed in my dreams," Agnes replied with a faraway look in her eyes. "I never met him, but I want Nancy to have him because she is supposed to have everything that was denied to me."

I smelled danger and wanted to tell her about Bill again, but he had cropped hair and his eyesight was perfect.

Agnes wrote letters during the following weeks and got some mail in return.

One day she told us very casually: "A friend of mine has written to me that her nephew is very run down and would like to go to a quiet place for a good rest. He is a professor and something of a celebrity although he is still very young. I hope you won't mind if I invite him to join us here. He will have a change and rest, and Nancy will have company. I'm afraid she feels a little bored with us elderly people."

There could be no argument when once Agnes had made up her mind. Nancy and I exchanged a glance of despair, but we were helpless.

A week later Professor Graham Webster came to stay with us for a while. He was a nice-looking man, the exact image of our idea of a professor. He wore glasses, and his hair made me think of Agnes' idol. He was lean and tall and looked rather starved. He ate all Agnes' cooking with relish and paid her many compliments.

Agnes was the loving aunt as always, and kept herself in the background in order to leave him to Nancy, who was nice to him as to everybody. Agnes tried to explain to her what a big fellow this Graham really was.

"He's simply a genius," she assured us. "He's only 35 and he has already made a name for himself. Naturally he doesn't make much money, but that can be overcome." Her eyes were swimming in tears. No doubt, she was thinking of her money which should be able to make Nancy happy and which she would gladly have spent to make a home for her beloved niece and her husband, Professor Graham Webster.

Nancy suddenly became belligerent: "Why do you call him a genius?" she asked.

"I won't talk about his scientific work," Agnes said, because she didn't understand Graham's scientific trade herself, "but his genius carries over even into his private life. Most men are wasters"—her accusing glance hit me—"they waste everything they have, including their underwear. They just grasp the first piece of underwear which falls into their hands when they open a drawer.

"Of course they always find the shirt which is on top of the pile though it just came back from the laundry and was the last thing they wore. In this way some pieces always get worn-out first. Graham, however, has invented a system so simple and wonderful that you can only call it striking: he puts his shirts and things in numerical order. That means he uses shirt No. 1 first, then No. 2 and so on. With shirt No. 1 naturally he wears shorts No. 1."

She paused for breath, then went on talking, her face glowing.

"He would never wear shirt No. 2 with shorts No. 5. That's his system, and he doesn't waste his underwear this way. Of course his socks have numbers too, and on top of that he has them marked with A and B. That's especially important, because you can wear out a sock very quickly if it is always on the same foot. He changes the sock—or should I say foot?—every time."

Again her glance hit me accusingly. "Men simply don't think," she concluded, "or this system would have been discovered long ago. All great inventions seem simple after a genius has worked them out."

"Amazing," I said sarcastically, but I remembered my own socks which always had big holes caused by my right big toe. Perhaps Graham's invention could help the situation, only it was too much bother.

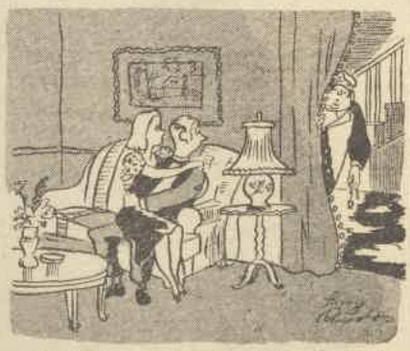
However, I had to try the system myself to see whether I liked it or not, for Agnes undertook to mark all my underwear with numbers and initials and controlled personally on which foot I had my A's and B's. I couldn't sit down without her eyeing my feet anxiously.

Please turn to page 34

HAZEL

"I've only got two hands."

BUTCH



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Aunt Agnes Couldn't Waste

Continued from page 32

GRAHAM came to me a few days later to put in a complaint. Agnes had washed and ironed his laundry and put it on his dressing-table. He, neat and tidy soul that he was, had checked the pile, only to find out that sock 5B was missing, whereas 5A had turned up, but was lonely without its mate.

Agnes started looking frantically for 5B when Nancy said casually: "You're wasting your time, Aunt Agnes. I know where 5B is. Bella ate it. She saw the washing on the line and apparently 5B looked appetising to her. It was a green sock, greener than any grass, and when I came along there was the end of 5B hanging out of Bella's mouth. I couldn't do anything to save it," she finished sadly, although I knew perfectly well that she had not made any special effort to interrupt Bella's meal.

She liked to tease Graham a little and his system was not her cup of tea either, because Agnes had marked her underwear too.

Graham seemed genuinely worried. "It's not because of the sock," he said. "Bella has unfortunately chosen a middle number to eat. The whole system will fall apart and I'll never be able to keep track as to how this lot of socks wear."

"You could buy a new pair and call it 5A and 5B," Nancy suggested helpfully.

"That would upset the whole system because the pair would be so much newer than the other ones and we probably don't even know how often the old ones were washed," interrupted Agnes with admirable grasp of the complete situation. "The system is based on the fact that every sock got the same chance to prove itself."

Graham gave her a thankful glance. She seemed the only one among us with a little understanding.

"You children go for a walk," Agnes suggested, "and I'll try to think out what is to be done." She believed the beauties of nature had an encouraging effect on love. Her beloved books had described so often how a boy and a girl had found each other in the sunshine or in the moonlight that she thought nature the best of matchmakers.

Nancy and Graham went off obediently, and Agnes had just started to consider her problem when we saw the professor coming back. He was not walking in his usual rather slow and dignified way, but was running at a breakneck speed, and really looked as if the devil himself was chasing him.

He tore past me and kept on running, with a frantic, frightened expression on his face, until he ran straight into Agnes' arms as she came out of the kitchen. She managed to calm him finally, then he sat down, his legs still shaking, and told us about his terrible adventure.

While walking with Nancy he had noticed Blue Horror, our bull, peacefully grazing on a choice bit of grass, not far away from the path. Although Blue Horror was enjoying his meal outside his own enclosure, which Graham could see in the background, he noticed this fact only vaguely and continued his conversation with Nancy without being conscious of any special danger.

Suddenly Blue Horror had stirred into frightening action. Pawing the ground, his eyes bloodshot, he had showed every intention of treating Graham like a matador instead of a professor. Graham had naturally expected him to lower his horns and charge at once. Being incapable of the nimble footwork of a bullfighter and lacking his weapons, he had taken to his heels.

"And what then?" I asked breathlessly.

He was unable to say what happened afterward. He only remembered running, running, running. He had been so preoccupied with escaping that he didn't know what had happened to Nancy.

Now Blue Horror, in spite of his disrespectful and rough treatment of our distinguished guest, was only a softy among the bulls. We had only given him this name in order to tease him. But Graham's news upset me nevertheless. You can't trust a bull. Perhaps his mild disposition had suddenly changed.

"Where did you leave Nancy?" I asked, and without waiting for his answer I rushed back to find her.

I breathed more easily when I saw Nancy swinging along the road with a bright smile on her face. She had a faraway look in her eyes which seemed to suggest that she had used her solitude to dream about her Bill. Poor girl, she hadn't much chance to dream since Agnes and Graham were always around.

"Where is Blue Horror?" I asked. "Have you been in danger?"

She came back to reality with a jerk and laughed heartily.

"Graham and I were ambling along," she told me, "when we saw Blue Horror glaring at us very sheepishly. He knew he shouldn't have been out of his enclosure, so he lowered his head and shuffled his feet a bit. That always shows that he feels embarrassed or a bit afraid. I went up to him and slapped him, and he stalked back into his enclosure very sweetly."

I grinned back at her. "But what happened to Graham?"

"When I came back to Graham again, he wasn't where I had left him. I could only see him in the distance running for his life. Well, he's never been out in the country before, so we can't blame him for being afraid."

We walked back smiling. No doubt, we looked somewhat startled when Agnes rushed up to embrace her niece and cry: "You're alive, darling. How good that Graham was around to save you when that wild beast attacked you."

Nancy had a big sense for justice and she simply couldn't stand it if somebody talked evil about a third party even if it was a bull. "Blue Horror was only afraid of us," she said.

"The bull took a dislike to me," Graham insisted. Agnes had apparently made a hero of him and he had liked it.

"I don't see any reason why Blue Horror should just attack you," Nancy spoke up for her cherished bull. "Or, rather, there could be one reason. Perhaps Bella got bad indigestion because of eating 5B, and Blue Horror, who is her doting husband, wanted to take revenge on you for this."

It was just a little teasing and we wanted to laugh it off, but Graham went off to his room in high dudgeon. He left the house that evening saying that he had to go back to the city.

To tell the truth Nancy and I felt relieved when he had gone; it was only Agnes who seemed to miss him.

"You've lost him, Nancy," she complained, "and you'll be sorry later." But in spite of her disappointment she tried hard to make good this loss. She continued to shop for all kinds of things Nancy didn't want.

Time went by and Bill wrote that he would soon be returning from the college. Nancy and I considered how we would break the news to Agnes about Bill and the wedding. She wouldn't be pleased, we knew. We had already seen the man she would have liked for her niece. As we talked about the problem, once again Agnes came toward us with a letter in her hand.

"Some news from Graham," she said a little shyly.

I sucked my pipe and waited for Nancy to say something. It seemed that Agnes hadn't yet given up her plans. As Nancy kept silent too, I finally had to ask: "How is Graham?"

"He proposed," Agnes said, her face flushing.

"What a nerve!" Nancy exclaimed. "I should think he could grasp the simple fact that I don't want him."

"But he didn't propose to you—he proposed to me!" Agnes said with the voice of a child telling about Christmas and birthday gifts. "He writes that he has thought over things very carefully. He found that there was a bigger difference in age between himself and Nancy than between himself and me. Besides, he looked up statistics which proved that marriages worked out better when the wife was a little older than the husband."

She seemed to tell all this to herself and not to us, because she was scarcely aware of our presence. At the moment she took on the look of a young girl. We had thought that Agnes had improved in looks before, but now she really looked pretty and happy.

"What are you going to answer him?" asked Nancy.

"You see I never thought of marriage," Agnes answered. "I wanted everything only for you and I invited him only for you. But you didn't want him and there aren't many nice bachelors like him . . . and you know: you shouldn't waste in these hard times, especially with such a scarce commodity. I wired my 'Yes' to him before I even told you."

(Copyright)

ALFRED

"No, Alfred, I must admit that it doesn't bring tears to my eyes when you play 'Mother Machree'."

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

When people who have been devoted to each other begin to find fault, they are more apt to see imaginary failings than to face up to the matter and search for its true basis.

With the passing of time each has developed, so that they are both different from the two people who originally found complete satisfaction in the company of each other.

IN young people these changes are more apparent. The letter below tells its own story.

"A BOY who has been coming to our house for the past two years and of whom the family has a very good opinion has changed considerably. He is always late, careless, and indifferent—quite unlike he used to be. He says I am still the one as far as he is concerned, but doesn't show it by his actions. I am as fond of him as ever, but because he comes late I am always angry when I see him and we quarrel at each meeting. I was 15 when we first met, he was 17. Do you think we should continue to see so much of each other?"

Despite his denials, I am afraid that you can only conclude that this boy is less interested in you than he used to be.

What I think has happened is that you both have changed with the years. People do, you know, and you were both very young when you first met.

Though you tell yourself that you feel about him as you used to, I wonder if you really do, and if you are not merely trying to deceive yourself into imagining that things are as they once were?

I think you should both see more of other people.

* * *

"WHEN a friend lets you know she is about to visit your town, is it correct to wait until she informs you of her arrival before getting in touch with her and then offering hospitality? I assume one offers hospitality to a visitor first; but if she asks you to go to see her before your have asked her to visit you, does it matter?"

It doesn't actually "matter," but as the resident it would be rather remiss of you not to invite her to your own home before she has had time to ask you to come to see her. You should at least telephone her on the day of her arrival. Even in the case of a friend whose visit you have heard of only casually, it would still be hospitable and gracious of you to inquire at the earliest opportunity if she is happy and comfortable.

* * *

"WHEN making my debut, would it be in order to have a dress with silver lame top and net skirt or must all-white be worn? And should debutantes wear long gloves or mittens?"

White is the correct color for the debutante's dress, but debutantes do wear very pale pastel colors, too. If all the others being presented are wearing all-white, it would look best for you to wear it, too. Otherwise, provided it is not elaborate, you could wear silver.

It is a tradition that those making their bow to society should have their hands covered. Either mittens or gloves may be worn, but the mittens should be long enough to cover your hand.

* * *

"I FIND I am taken out more often by my sister's friend than by my fiance. Before we were engaged I asked him to give me time to think the matter over, but he would not wait and announced our engagement. Since then we have not been happy, and my fiance does not seem to care if he takes me out or not."

If matters between you do not improve, it might be better to put an end to your engagement. In the first place, your fiance had no right to make the announcement of the engagement. The privilege of announcing an engagement is the girl's.

* * *

"THE girl I was engaged to lives in the country. During a trunk-line call we quarrelled and broke our engagement. Because I was in the wrong I tried at once to get through to her to make things up, but found she had left the house immediately after our conversation. Would a girl who has just broken her engagement—we had even decided on the date of the wedding—go straight out if she were genuinely upset?"

I don't think you can lay down hard-and-fast rules about how a person would—or should—behave in any such situation. So much depends on temperament, the stress of the moment, and a hundred-and-one little peculiarities of character. The instinct of some girls is to lock themselves in their rooms and cry. Others, experiencing exactly the same emotions, will dash out of the house or seek distraction in the company of other people.

Don't make the mistake of expecting this girl to behave as you would. If you are really fond of her and want a reconciliation, overlook the fact that her action seemed to you odd, and give her an opportunity to accept the explanation you were going to make.

* * *

"I AM outspoken, and believe in saying just what I think. This gets me into a lot of trouble. Several times, when girls I know have asked my opinion of a new dress or hat, I have said that I didn't like it. This makes me think that people don't really want frank opinions, only flattery."

I think you are half right and half wrong. People do want your opinion, but depend on you giving it with tact and discretion. Naturally they hope that you will approve and admire what they have bought. To say bluntly what you think can only be hurtful if the criticism is adverse. Keep to your principles of truth and candor by all means, but, if you want to keep your friends, break down your statements with regard for other people's feelings.

"THE difference in age between the man I am contemplating marrying and myself is 18 years. He has all the qualities that go towards making a good husband, but I sometimes wonder if being so much older than myself he would make a good father."

Good fathers are made by their disposition and character, not by their years. Many men who become fathers during or after their middle-age are exceptionally devoted and patient, more so, in fact, than some men in their twenties or thirties. Certainly the 18 years' difference in your ages does not mean that he must necessarily be an irritable and unaffectionate parent.

* * *

"A BOY I like very much has often asked me to go out with him. My mother and father don't believe in girls of 16 going out with boys, so I always just refuse. He has now got the idea that I don't want to have anything to do with him, which is far from true. Please help me!"

If you keep on refusing his invitations to go out without making an explanation any boy would get the idea that you just don't want to go. Your parents are hardly likely to object to your going to his house or this boy coming to yours.

Tell him how matters stand and he will no doubt invite you to his home. Or, as you are now nearly grown up, perhaps you could have a small party and invite him together with other young people.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"What a blessing VELVET has been to this mother-of-six"

says *Aunt Jenny*

*Read the amazing real-life story of Mrs. Epps, 98 Whitehall St., Footscray, Victoria.**

*ORIGINAL LETTER ON OUR FILES.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT," *writes this proud mother,* "I'm still using my 15-year-old nappies for Baby Robyn that have been worn by every one of my six children!" That's certainly a blue ribbon to Velvet, isn't it, ladies?

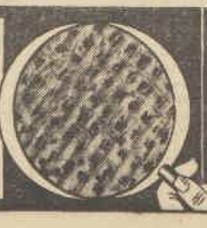
"NO WONDER young Janice is winking," *chuckles Mrs. Epps,* "she knows good old Velvet has kept this 5-year-old jumper like new. The elder girls outgrew it—so now Janice's the proud owner!"

"THAT'S ELAINE wearing 'our' 15-year-old suit," *says Mrs. Epps.* "I re-made it from one of my own old frocks. And the imp in the car is John. By bedtime his clothes are black as the ace of spades! That's why I'd never be without Velvet in the house."

HAND-ME-DOWNS are an institution in this family. Here's Bill wearing his shirt that's 12 years old. "Same age as me," chips in Bill. Yes, ladies, kiddies' clothes washed with Velvet stand *years* of wear and tear at school.

Tune in every morning, Monday to Thursday "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



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Relieve IRREGULARITY

this gentle, NATURAL way

True-to-life Story

of Mrs. V. King, Newtown, N.S.W.

". . . imagine my surprise."

1. *"Just a few lines in appreciation of Kellogg's All-Bran as it has proved to be marvellous."*

2. *"I tried everything for my constipation . . . but without success."*

3. *"I can't say what induced me to try 'All-Bran', but I saw it on my grocer's shelf and decided to give it a trial."*

4. *"Just imagine my surprise when after taking Kellogg's All-Bran for a few weeks, constipation was a thing of the past. I wouldn't miss my Kellogg's All-Bran every morning.*

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) V. King."

Your health depends on what you eat . . . Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily regularity . . . no medicines needed.

WHAT IT IS . . .

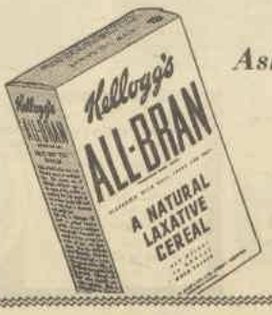
First and most important—Kellogg's All-Bran is *food*. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

To-day's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk *every day*, otherwise—constipation!

WHAT IT DOES . . .

Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Start to-morrow morning. Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.



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Mrs. Whitney Regrets

Continued from page 11

EVERYONE was talking and laughing animatedly and at his right a chortle from Lady Besom smote the air. Unprecedented, this. Mr. Frampton was content. If Kate was to be his private cross he would accept it philosophically, for the sake of the hotel.

That night Mr. Frampton had a dreadful dream. In dim, gloomy surroundings he was aware of the presence of some large, malevolent Thing. The Thing suddenly jumped at him, gagged him and was now trying to strangle him. Mr. Frampton yelled soundlessly. Then he was awake, still yelling soundlessly.

He was gagged, after all! There was a heavy weight around his neck. The air vibrated to a sound like a twin-engined bomber. His perspective straightened out, and he froze, stricken. There was a cat on him. A cat! Draped round his neck and purring, with its beastly tail stuck in his mouth.

There are some people, like Napoleon, who abhor cats. Mr. Frampton was one of them. Just to be in the same room with one made his flesh creep. And now to find one lying round his neck! He shuddered, and with a convulsive heave pushed it off the bed.

He switched on the bedside lamp to find Topaz contentedly washing her face. He lay and regarded her bitterly.

When Kate brought his tea some hours later, he ignored her greeting and burst out with: "I had your confounded cat in here last night. On the bed she was! Now look here——"

"Mr. Fosdick!" Kate indignantly interrupted him. "I cannot possibly allow you to have Topaz in here with you. You know she is due to have her family any day now. She must have sympathetic company and treatment. That is something I feel you cannot give her."

The door slammed behind her. Mr. Frampton looked at it, his mouth open.

He went moodily down to breakfast. Kate drifted to his table without her usual verve. She looked dispirited. Mr. Frampton looked at the menu and at once was striding for the kitchen. "Eggs a la Topaz" was too much. He could stand this ridiculous Kate fetish, but to have her cat glorified by Georges was going too far.

Mr. Frampton burst into the kitchen.

Georges stood, drooping, over his immaculate electric range. He raised tragic eyes to his employer.

"She is gone," he whispered, with a wide sweep of his hands. "She has not come back. All morning we look, we call—she do not answer."

"Who on earth are you talking about, Georges?" demanded Mr. Frampton irritably.

"Why," Georges' voice rose. "The fragile, the furry one. Topaz, the cat superb."

Mr. Frampton exploded.

"Look here," he shouted. "I am not going to have the whole hotel thrown out of gear by the loss of one miserable, moth-eaten cat. Eggs a la Topaz indeed! It's nauseating, it's ridiculous, it's——"

An icy blast struck him in the small of the back. It was Kate, emuding temperature zero in all directions.

"Mr. Fosdick," she announced frigidly. "Georges is telling me, eloquently and in the only way he knows how, how sorry he is at my loss. Your remarks are little short of irreverence at my simple grief. I would ask you to remember that to-day I am virtually in mourning."

She left the kitchen, her back very straight. Outside, she leaned weakly against the door. It was difficult to tell if she was laughing or crying. Mr. Frampton, feeling a thorough heel, went back to his eggs a la Topaz.

All the morning the search went on. In and about the hotel Mr. Frampton came on little knots of harassed looking people, calling anxiously and vainly for Topaz.

Lady Besom waylaid him in the foyer, as he hurried through.

"Dear Mr. Frampton," she fluted. "I'm sure you would be willing to have your staff divided up into search parties. The guests are anxious to be organised, too."

Mr. Frampton shook his head dazedly.

Lady Besom took this to be a sign of acquiescence, and she hurried off to organise the search parties.

Lunch that day was right out of this world. The menu was heavily bordered in black, and at the top was printed in large letters IN MEMORIAM. All the dishes were a la Topaz, the main dish looking realistically like scrambled cat's meat. It didn't taste like it, fortunately, but Mr. Frampton thought bitterly that this was carrying verisimilitude a bit far.

But what could he do? His normal, hard-working staff seemed to have been replaced by a set of lunatics — headed by that almost human thorn in the flesh, Kate Smith.

At intervals faint cries drifted in from the open windows, like a Greek chorus to the main drama, from the lunchless searchers outside. Sammy and the boys played everything in Dead March tempo, which didn't help much, either.

After lunch the search recommenced. An exhausted party of searchers returned, and immediately Lady Besom organised another, whom she despatched with rallying words and ringing tones.

At four o'clock Mr. Frampton, after a maniacal two hours, retired to his room to change. He felt a dip in the pool was the only thing to clear his head.

He emerged immediately, without having changed, and in a moment the whole hotel was echoing to his cries for Kate.

"Kate!" he yelled. "Kate! Kate Smith!"

PEOPLE came running and clustered round him in eager groups.

"I want Kate Smith," he announced grimly. "Where is she?"

"She's in the swimming-pool, boss," volunteered Sammy.

"What! With the guests!" He was genuinely shocked. But he soon recovered himself and made his way purposefully to the pool, followed by an excited, chattering crowd.

Kate was indeed in the swimming-pool, looking devastating in a brief white swimsuit and surrounded by a group of obviously adoring young men. Mr. Frampton drew himself up to his full six feet, two inches.

"Kate!" he thundered. "Kate Smith! Come out of that pool at once!"

Somewhat to his surprise, Kate came at once, cleaving through the water with clean strokes. She climbed out and stood, dripping, before him.

"You, you——" he choked and started again, more calmly this time, but as he progressed his voice rose.

"I have put up with what was virtually your demoralisation of this hotel. I have stood calmly by while Georges made a complete ass of himself with his food tokens. I have done nothing while Sammy has oozed out his heart in sickly tunes. I have taken all your pranks and your personal animosity simply because you were an efficient housemaid, and they're horribly scarce these days."

His voice swelled to a roar. "To-day I felt as though I were taking part in a farce comedy. Everyone rushing madly round after your horrible cat. And what do I find? After a completely anarchistic day, during which I could get no sense from my staff or my guests, your miserable, creepy, wall-eyed monstrosity of a cat has been having its frightful progeny in my room! On my bed!"

He was purple in the face now. Everyone, with the possible exception of Mr. Frampton, was enjoying the scene hugely.

"And now what do I see?" he shouted. "You, the cause of all this confusion, this demoralisation, swimming in the pool with the guests!! You're fired! And take that lop-eared horror with you!"

Rather to his surprise, Kate made no comment. But her face lit. She ran inside and appeared in an incredibly short time, Topaz and family in a basket under one arm and her fur coat thrown over her wet shoulder.

"I was not swimming in the pool," she told him then, hotly, her eyes very green. "We were dragging it for Topaz. But since you think it such a holy spot —"

Amid cheers from the onlookers, Mr. Frampton went sprawling backwards into the pool. He came up, spluttering.

"And now I am going!" Kate announced. "And may your miserable hotel revert to its former stuffy ways. That's the worst I can wish you."

She started off to her car.

"Go after her, you fool," called Lady Besom. "What are you, a man or a man?"

Mr. Frampton came out of his daze, shook the water out of his ears and clambered soggily out of the pool. A pit seemed to have suddenly developed in his stomach.

He squelched down the steps and laid his hand on Kate's arm. Water trickled down his face and little pools of it formed at his feet in their sodden shoes. Kate looked at him and her eyes began to dance.

"Kate," he said brokenly. "Kate. Don't go. Stay with me and we'll run this hotel your way. Only please, Kate, don't go. I—I love you, Kate."

More cheers came from the onlookers. Suddenly Kate's smile was very warm, her arms round his wet neck very comforting. A klaxon horn blared in the background, but they were too lost in themselves to notice or care.

"Katherine!" a voice thundered behind them. They both jumped and sprang apart. A large man emerged from a large car and stumped towards them.

"Father! How on earth —"

"Hullo, Gerald," called Lady Besom, advancing down the steps. She turned to Kate.

"I didn't want to spoil your fun, my dear," she said kindly. "You wouldn't remember me, but I recognised you at once. And after all, your parents were anxious. They didn't know where you were. Now come along Gerald, you're just in time for afternoon tea."

"Just a moment, father," said Kate clearly. "I want you to meet Mr. Frampton. He's the man I'm going to marry. What's your first name darling?"

"Er — Charles."

"Charles. Delicious name. My father."

The two men shook hands, Mr. Whitney magnificently ignoring the other's weird, dripping appearance.

"How do you do, Charles. Very glad for you, too, my dear." He patted Kate on the shoulder. "Sorry about our little fracas. Always had faith in your judgment really. Fooled by your mother. Stupid of me. Well," he said "we've done it at last. We've foiled all her attempts to marry you off. Now where's this tea?"

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Crepe supreme is the material chosen to make "Suzanne." It is excellent for the design, as it falls in soft folds. It comes ready for you to stitch together or made ready for you to wear. The delicate tonings of the lovely color schemes are: Sky blue, with rose, black, and white; smoky pink, with black and white; light beige, with dark cyclamen, black, and white; saxe blue, with rose, black, and white.

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The shorts are ideal for days at the beach, summer outings in the bush, or working in the garden at home. They are made in a good-wearing Cesarine in colors of navy, saxe blue, mid-green, and pink. "Maggie" may be purchased either cut out ready for you to sew together or ready to wear.

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905

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Always tired, and feeling nervy and generally run-down? A common enough complaint these days and it often arises through lack of sleep. A deep sound sleep is vitally necessary. It helps restore the body after a tiring day, it allows tense nerves to relax and invigorates the whole mind and body.

But sleep is often elusive . . . a really soft bed, light blankets and a hot shower before turning in, all help . . . but there is one sleep secret that tops the list . . . a going-to-bed cup of delicious Bourn-vita. Sleep is a curious thing, it must give mental relaxation as well as a physical pause. Modern medical science tells us that a normal person during the first hour of sleep, actually uses more energy than during an ordinary waking hour. That's why your going-to-bed Bourn-vita is so helpful. It provides the system with a ready source of energy, being the blended combination of such natural foods as barley malt, eggs, milk and delicious chocolate. Another important thing . . . Bourn-vita is rich in diastase . . . that natural malt digestive of starchy foods — it helps your digestion, so that you go to sleep easily and quickly.

An increasing number of Doctors and Nurses, basing their recommendations on Bourn-vita's declared contents and experience of their patients, are advising its use in cases where mineral and vitamin deficiency may exist and where a soothing night-cap with high protective and digestive qualities may prove valuable. Get into the habit of dropping into a deep refreshing sleep quickly and easily by regularly drinking Bourn-vita before bed.

Bourn-vita refreshes you anytime

When you're feeling jaded through the day, when even simple tasks seem to get on your nerves, drink a cup of Bourn-vita. It acts like a tonic and puts back the energy you've used. It's so easy to make too — just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp granules into a cup of warm milk and your delicious Bourn-vita is ready.

Full 1 lb. tins 4/9 **Half Pound tins 2/9** *At all Chemists and Stores*

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED

V10FP7

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RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH and his actress wife Sheila Sim enjoy some good lines in a new script submitted for their approval. Richard plays the part of an eighteen-year-old gangster in the Boulting Brothers' new production "Brighton Rock." Other players in the film are Hermione Baddeley and seventeen-year-old discovery Carol Marsh.

Character roles win fame for British star

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Snub-nosed Richard Attenborough lately has been stealing all the choice character roles away from more experienced British actors.

He has an engaging grin, and his eyes are bright and expressive, but he cannot be called handsome unless the truth is stretched a little.

RICHARD, who is 23, has been described as the "second Mickey Rooney," which is an injustice, as he has a personality of his own.

I have never known a star with so many labels and nicknames.

He has been called "The Leicester Star" and "Dickie," and he and his pretty young actress wife, Sheila Sim, are often called "The Babes in the Wood."

Since he scored a big success as a gangster, "Pinkie," in the stage version of Graham Green's "Brighton Rock," Richard has acquired the nickname of "Pinkie."

He portrayed this character on the West End stage, and he is now busy translating all its youthful criminal viciousness to the screen.

Leading British star Michael Redgrave is Richard Attenborough's great friend and the man to whom he owes most in films.

"He sponsored me," is Richard's description of Michael's share in his successful introduction to pictures.

The adulation of numberless bobby-soxers makes Richard squirm and success terrifies him.

He is appalled at his own luck, and thinks it must stop at any minute.

In the meantime he has made highly successful appearances in "School for Secrets," with his wife Sheila in "Dancing With Crime," and as the frightened stripling of "The Man Within."

At home in their little Georgian house in Chelsea, Dickie is an admirable host.

There is a little of that quiet, solicitous regard for his guests which marks an undergrad when he has his mater and her friends in his den for tea.

His manners, in a world where it is smart to be slightly rude and wholly Bohemian, are of the sort that inspire our elders to an approving nod and the trite verdict, "There's a perfect gentleman for you."

After this introduction to Richard Attenborough I was not surprised when he told me that his father is the principal of the Leicester University College, and that his mother is a pillar of the community, who includes among her social duties and functions the job of a Justice of the Peace.

"There was a horrific scene once when I told my father I was interested only in the theatre," he told me.

"I had sort of prepared him for this shock by flunking all my exams. at Wyggeston Grammar School."

His father, to discourage this misplaced enthusiasm, entered Dickie for the Leverhulme Scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

And his son topped the 1941 list.

"That is where I met my wife Sheila," he said.

"She was a student there, too.

"There are always many more girls than men at the Academy, and you find yourself playing Romeo to about three or four different Juliets a day.

"My real chance came, thanks to a conscientious objector.

"They hauled him off to prison, and I was offered his leading role in a play called 'Awake and Sing!' "

Now, after starring him in "Brighton Rock" as a precocious 18-year-old leader of a gang of thugs, Charter Films' next step in building Attenborough into an international star name is to cast him for the lead in a film version of a recent West End stage hit, "The Guinea Pig."

His fan mail is starting to pile in, particularly since he made a series of personal appearances in British cinemas.

At these some of the younger fans tore at Dickie's shirt and collar, and one succeeded in souveniring his silk pocket handkerchief.

But Richard Attenborough and his young wife themselves can be violent fans.

There is scarcely a noisier couple at a football match when Chelsea is being hard-pressed.

That and the Sunday night concerts at the Albert Hall are their favorite relaxations.

They save their raving over Sir Thomas Beecham and Dr. Malcolm Sargent till they get home, but at Chelsea Oval they don their largest rosettes, twirl the largest rattle, and yell themselves hoarse.

Midgets' new plan for film jobs

HOLLYWOOD midgets are banding together in a guild. They have announced that they will act as stand-ins for children.

Four-foot high Billy Curtis as their spokesman said that the little people get few good job as actors these days, but they feel they will be useful as stand-ins, as they will be able to give camera crews and directors a chance to rehearse camera movements during the hours children are not permitted to work by the Board of Education.

Film Review

★★ IVY

SMARTER direction by Sam Wood would have lifted Universal International's thriller into top grade, as he had a good story, and the film stars Joan Fontaine, Herbert Marshall, Patric Knowles, and Richard Ney.

Wood has made the mistake of letting the audience into the secrets of the story too soon. Just when suspense should be reaching top pitch, over-emphasised situations give the show away on several occasions.

Joan Fontaine is splendid as the lovely Ivy, whose desire for wealth leads her to murder her husband (Richard Ney) and attempt to put the blame on her doctor lover (Patric Knowles) so that she can be free to marry millionaire Herbert Marshall.

Miss Fontaine wears the Edwardian clothes perfectly and her mobile features register the many moods of vanity, hope, greed, and finally overwhelming fear which beset Ivy.

The three men are rather stolid, Richard Ney being surprisingly gauche and camera conscious.

Patric Knowles does little but flower, and Herbert Marshall is a stodgy middle-aged playboy who falls for the scheming Ivy.

Women in the cast give some first-class character studies, notably Rosalind Ivan as Ivy's maid, Sara Allgood as the doctor's housekeeper, whose misguided loyalty nearly results in his hanging, and Lucille Watson as the doctor's mother.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a convincing Scotland Yard inspector.—State: showing.

IN complete reversal of the usual Hollywood tradition, Marie McDonald will marry millionaire Harry Karl in a simple small-town ceremony, with his mother preparing the wedding breakfast and only their close relatives present.

Bob Hope is dentist in new film

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

BOB HOPE invited me to sit beside him on the driver's seat of his rickety covered waggon on Paramount's sound stage as we discussed his role in his latest film, titled "Paleface."

Bob, wearing a natty brown bowler, checked suit, and diamond stick-pin, made an incongruous figure as he held the horses' reins.

"I play a correspondence school dentist in covered-waggon days. You can see the sign on the waggon," he said.

I looked and saw a huge tooth painted on canvas bearing the words, "Painless Peter Potter."

Reminiscing about his war trip to Australia, Bob tilted the derby hat, stared into the phony painted sunset, and sighed. "Ah, Australia. I spent four whole days there resting in Prince's and Romano's."

Jane Russell, Bob's leading lady, joined us on the waggon seat. She was wearing a pink taffeta frock displaying her famous figure.

"Working with Bob is the most fun I have ever had. He keeps us amused constantly between shots, and he often puts on an impromptu show for visitors," she said.

* * *

PROUD papa Robert Young took his three eldest daughters dining at the Brown Derby.

The trio looked most attractive in pale blue monogrammed sweaters and white skirts.

I WAS startled to see numerous pairs of bright-colored stockings on the legs of Warner starlets as they paraded around the lot.

Blonde Barbara Bates told me green nylons with copper-colored shoes are her favorites.

Janis Paige favors violet, Arlene Dahl bright red sheer cobweb hose with a matching red dress, but Ann Sheridan conservatively sticks to sheer black.

* * *

DESPITE the gruelling heat and bushfires, muscle man Sonny Tufts spent his vacation remodelling the top floor of his house and building a swimming pool with his own hands.

* * *

PARAMOUNT executives are getting ready to welcome back Madeleine Carroll to Hollywood.

Since the war Madeleine has lived in France, where she married again. Her former husband, Sterling Hayden, who still is under contract to Paramount, also has remarried.

Madeleine wrote to friends stating that she expects to resume her film career immediately she returns to Hollywood.

JOAN FONTAINE, in Edwardian dress, offers a helping of salad to director Sam Wood on location for "Ivy," Universal International's thriller, which is now showing in Australia. Richard Ney, in the background, is absorbed in his lunch.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine — *The World's Best Thrillers.* — All Newsagents & Booksellers. 1/- *every month.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4782197

ESTHER WILLIAMS and Johnnie Johnston enjoy sunshine during the filming of "This Time for Keeps" in Michigan. Cast of the MGM technicolor musical also includes Jimmy Durante, Lauritz Melchior, and Xavier Cugat.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE, English star, who has made his American film debut playing opposite Joan Bennett in the Universal International release, "Secret Beyond the Door," was given a welcome party at the studio.

ROSALIND RUSSELL and her husband, Freddie Brisson, display equal interest in the new ring which Freddie presented to her to celebrate their son's fourth birthday. At the Crillon Restaurant in Hollywood, the sequin scarf on Rosalind's hair attracted much admiration.

Film Candids

MARGARET O'BRIEN receives a formal call from Claude Jarman in her dressing-room at MGM. The two youngsters are great friends. Maggie is wearing a ballet costume for her new technicolor film, "The Unfinished Dance," in which she appears with Cyd Charisse.

GENE TIERNEY and a bearded Rex Harrison argue amiably over a card game while they are on location at Monterey during the production of their co-starring Fox comedy, "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir." Gene recently established her home in New York with her young daughter Daria.

LARRY PARKS samples some cakes made by his wife, stage actress Betty Garrett, in their Hollywood home. Mrs. Parks gave up her career recently to join her husband while he was making "The Swordsman" for Columbia.

STEWART GRANGER makes a careful choice of his cake for afternoon tea at Denham (England) when Valerie Hobson hands him the plate. They co-star for Cineguild in "Blanche Fury."

ROSAMUND JOHN, popular English star, relaxes during a sitting for her portrait, which is being painted by Major Robert Tallast. Wife of Russell Lloyd, her current film for Two Cities is "Fame Is the Spur," co-starring with Michael Redgrave.

INGRID BERGMAN and Charles Boyer (left) have a reunion with director Lewis Milestone after the completion of shooting on the three-million-dollar film, "Arch of Triumph," to be released in Australia by MGM. Story was adapted from Erich Remarque's novel.

STAISWEET – STAISWEET – STAISWEET —— The deodorant you can trust —— STAISWEET – STAISWEET – STAISWEET

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Jantzen is doing things that have never been done before

"Louella Ballerino", the top designer of California, is designing especially for us. That's one of her suits on the left . . . a satin striped Candy Cane from the States. Sitting beside it is Jantzen's own "Boxer" also in an American "Mardi Gras" fabric. Any store will show you Jantzen after Jantzen — all breathtakers. All in dreamy new slimming textures. "Wisposheen", Jantzen's own lovely creation glistening with rayon, stars all through the line . . . and there are our two new stars — Jantzen's shirts and shorts in imported Irish "Moygashel" fabrics.

Jantzen

for lasting glamor

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Here is the Consul matching set — specially created by Justin as the perfect presentation piece. In hand-picked Morocco or Kangaroo leathers — embossed with 24-carat gold, and attractively packed in individual gift boxes — it's certainly the gift he'd give himself.

The "Consul" set by Justin at all good stores.

Look for the name Justin on all men's accessories.

TRAVEL THE WORLD

with your wealth
Speed o'er the sea in great ships,
Touring in search of good health,
Dazed in a whirlwind of "tips."
Travel the world as you will,
Seeing strange sights which allure;
But if you're wise you will still
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Influenza, Colds,

MADE LIKE NEW

by Australia's Most Experienced Specialist!
Take no Risks! Get Nothing but the VERY best!

BAGS:
- Re-surfaced.
- Re-coloured.
- Repaired.

Eastern Arts exclusive PLASTIC FINISH gives the shabbiest bag the brand-new look it had when you bought it. Which colour do you want it in! White, pastel, navy, black, ANY colour at all—just ask us. Repairs, new plastic handles, new zippers, we do it all. You'll have a bag like new, and the cost is insignificant.

GLOVES:
- Re-polished.
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You'd swear we'd sent you back NEW gloves when we return yours. The leather looks absolutely unused! Any damage has been oh! so clearly repaired. The colour you asked for comes as if you'd just chosen it in a shop. Our years of experience do you a job that's a revelation.

DOLLS:
- Re-linked.
- Re-painted.
- Re-created.

At Dolls we're wizards! As Sydney's Doll Hospital we're proud of our achievements, whether it's a missing face, a missing wig, a total wreck or just a case of a Beauty Treatment, we take Dollies to our hearts and treat them with the loving care they deserve. Give your little girl the surprise of her life!

Have Your Leather Coat Rejuvenated with our Plastic Leather-dye Spray.

EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT AND DOLL HOSPITAL

● Her Majesty's Arcade, Castlereagh St. Level. ● Also at Pitt St., Next New Hub. ● And at Newcastle, 4 Perkin St.

BY MAIL *Send by Parcel Post to 57 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and a Price Quotation will be sent you by return mail.*

1 GRUESOME DISCOVERY is made by film star Mona Harrison (Adele Jergens) when case of silk sent her from designer Rose reveals his dead body.

2 INTERESTED IN MYSTERY, reporter Joe Medford (George Brent) and friend are annoyed to find that rival girl reporter Rosemary Durand (Joan Blondell) is also trying to solve the crime.

The Corpse Came C.O.D.

CO-STARRED in Columbia's thriller, George Brent and Joan Blondell play roles of journalists on rival papers. The two find romance after assisting to solve a double murder case and theft of diamonds which has involved a leading Hollywood feminine screen star.

Miss Blondell has made few films in recent years. She was married to stage producer Mike Todd in July. Her two previous husbands were Norman Barnes and Dick Powell.

3 AT FILM STUDIO Joe interviews president of company Edwards (Grant Mitchell), who is alarmed at unfavorable publicity following murder.

4 SEARCHING FOR CLUE, Rosemary goes to Mona's home after hearing that stolen diamonds, the reason for murder, are hidden in silk.

5 MYSTERY DEEPENS when studio's publicity director Fowler (William Forrest) is found stabbed. Joe discovers suspect for both murders and jewel thefts and gets possession of diamonds. He decides to share information with Rosemary.

6 VISIT TO MONA'S HOME results in gun battle and death of murderer, who had been member of trio of jewel thieves. Joe and Rosemary share praise for their help in solving all the crimes.

Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.3.4

FORD PILLS

A *QUICK*, EASY WAY TO MAKE CLOTHES FIT!

The MODEL-YU Dress Form is the most outstanding change in dressmaking technique since the sewing machine. The MODEL-YU outfit enables you to make an exact model of your own figure . . . a second self, on which it is easy to make and fit your own clothes. Every home dressmaker needs a MODEL-YU outfit to save time, material, worry and expense.

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DRESS FORM OUTFIT 15/9

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To each her own

Let your lipstick be as personal as your laugh, your Face Powder as individual as your signature! This is true individual elegance, and you may achieve it by "colour-keying" your make-up to your complexion, your colouring and change of costume. The experts at the Lournay Advisory Bureau will be most happy to show you how.

What Lipstick and harmonising Rouge should be the choice of a Redhead who wears the new Forest Shades in green or tawny?

If a Brunette or Brownette chooses the new Pastels, what colour-choice of make-up will compensate her use of these pale tints?

When a Silver Blonde or a Golden Blonde wears black, grey or cyclamen, should they both use the same tone of make-up, in each case?

Lournay

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Give us 20 minutes of your time, and we will not only teach you Colour Harmony, but give you individual advice upon skin-care free-of-charge make-up. Go to the Lournay Advisory Bureau or Salonette at your favourite store or chemist for this unique Beauty S

LS/7

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Evan Williams Shampoos

These famous shampoos will be available when existing restrictions permit

A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE

R. E. TERRLEY & SON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS

After a trying day

There is nothing more refreshing, so beneficial for your skin, as a Charmosan cold cream face massage before retiring each night.

So easy, too, for it takes just 3-minutes to tone up your skin, to give it new life, and to clean it thoroughly. Make it your happy bed-time ritual, this Charmosan cold cream massage. Yes, just three important minutes each night. Charmosan cold cream is fragranced with myrrh and jasmin.

And for day-time care, use Creme Charmosan. It youthifies, beautifies. Is adorably lovely under powder.

Protects your skin in a wonderful way from the most trying weather.

Charmosan for skin care

Charmosan face powder stays on for hours, too, when your powder base is Creme Charmosan. Charmosan face powder is adored by the "Teen-agers"; loved by the Younger Set; cherished by the "Not-so-young" for its clinging fineness; its subtle colour tone; its entrancing perfume.

Spring Heads This Way

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

CASUAL AND CURLY, but controlled; very appropriate for the carefree young girl for town, country, or seaside wear.

IF there is one subject upon which the modern 14-to-18-year-old appears to brood darkly, it is the general lack of attractive hair styles for her particular age group.

She realises she has reached what is sometimes termed the "difficult" stage, when she is no longer a baby nor yet an adult, but the point is she would sometimes like a change from the sheep-dog bob, the looped braids, or the bushy mane, and looks for something with both style and line.

Our teen-ager is very clear and definite about what she wants in a hairstyle; it must, of course, be pretty, then practical and easy to handle, without tinge of unbecoming sophistication, yet well groomed.

From New York come these suggestions; they are the current top-ranking favorites in young-lady circles and are designed by two famous stylists—Charles, of the Ritz, and Michel, of Helena Rubinstein.

High in importance to the charm of each style is, naturally, basic hair beauty, achieved by process of brisk brushing, thorough shampooing, a good permanent, and skilled shaping and thinning.

A CASUAL CUT, accentuating natural waves and curves; versatile, too. Hair can be brought forward or worn to show the ears.

CLOSE-CROPPED, smart, and softly curled; the simplicity of styling provides flattering frame for the face.

A HAIR-DO for the almost grown-up young thing who prefers to keep her hair shoulder-long; smooth, close headlines are the secret.

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

NEW CREAM REMOVES NAIL POLISH FAST!

★ NO SPILLING
★ SAFE TO CARRY
★ NO EVAPORATION

In Tubes ..... 1/6 Everywhere

BAB ON AND WIPE OFF — WON'T CRACK THE NAILS

POTTER'S *Nail Polish* REMOVING CREAM

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store.

Cystex The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for **Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.**

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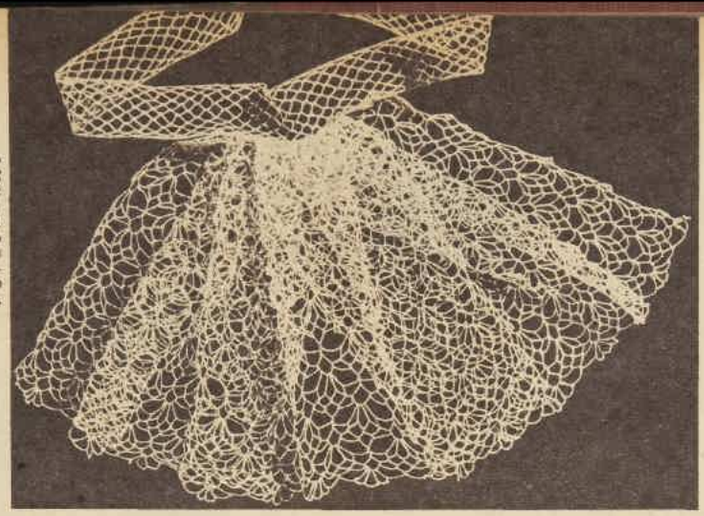
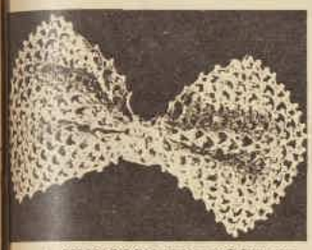


A CROCHETED JABOT, which will revive any frock or suit that needs the treatment. A white one and two or three in colors would be a valuable addition to spring accessories.

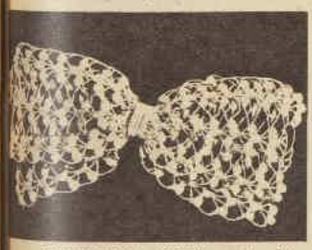
Crisp lace accessories for spring

● A lacy crocheted jabot or any of the three bows will give fresh life to a plain frock.



A SHAMROCK patterned bow on a navy frock or at each top pocket of a suit will provide contrast and softness.

PICOT PATTERN. Place three or four of these bows across the bodice of a frock as trimming.



BUTTERFLY BOWS may be placed on lapels or at the yoke of a frock with good effect. They make a smart finish for a belt, or they may be worn in the hair.

SUCH a set gives lots of service all the year round. As well, any of the bows or the jabot would make a delightful gift.

SHAMROCK DESIGN BOW

Materials: A ball of Coats' Mercer Crochet No. 60. A No. 6 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: 7in. by 3¼in.

FRONT

Make 27 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 9th ch. from hook, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into same ch., * 6 ch., miss 8 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into next ch. Rep. from * once.

2nd Row: 6 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into 2nd 3 ch. loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 ch. loops, 6 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into 2nd 3 ch. loop of next group, 1 triple treble into last st. of previous row.

3rd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c. into each of the next 3 ch. loops, 6 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into centre tr. of centre group of trs., 6 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into each of the next 3 ch. loops.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3½in. Break off.

Work a second piece in the same way.

BACK

Work as given for front of bow to the end of the first row. Now cont. in same pattern, but working 8 ch. between each group of trebles and shells instead of 6 ch. until work measures 3½in. Break off. Work another piece to match.

TIE

Make 23 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each remaining ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into each tr. Rep. 2nd row twice more. Break off.

MAKE UP

Join the two front pieces together at the foundation chain and join the back pieces in same way, then tack front and back together in the centre. Starch work stiffly. Sew tie round centre or fasten with press-stud.

BUTTERFLY BOW

Materials: A ball of Coats' Mercer Crochet, No. 60. A No. 6 steel crochet hook. Small button.

Measurements: 6¾in. by 3¾in.

Make 32 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 9th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 3 ch., 6 ch., miss 5 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 15 ch.

2nd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each of 12 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 7 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 5 ch., 1 tr. into same loop.

3rd Row: 8 ch., 4 tr. into first loop, 6 ch., 3 d.c. into 7 ch. loop, 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 6 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of last 9 d.c.

4th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each of 6 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr., all into last loop.

5th Row: 8 ch., 4 tr. into 5 ch., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of next 9 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, miss 3 d.c., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 d.c.

6th Row: 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of next 15 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into last loop.

7th Row: 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of next 21 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr. into last loop.

Continued on page 47

Never neglect a thorn stab

The perfect ready-made dressing

Even such a tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

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Cuticura OINTMENT

CRISP LACE ACCESSORIES FOR SPRING

Continued from page 45

8th Row: 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., miss first 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 21 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 1 d.tr. into last loop.

9th Row: 8 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., miss first 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 15 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 6 ch., 3 d.c. into last loop.

10th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each of 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., miss first 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 9 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 1 d.tr. into last loop.

11th Row: 6 ch., 4 tr. into loop, 6 ch., miss first 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of next 6 d.c.

12th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each of 9 d.c., 1 d.c. into each of first 3 ch. of next loop, 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 7 ch., 4 tr. into next loop.

13th Row: 6 ch., 4 tr. into next loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 ch. of next loop, 1 d.c. into each of next 12 d.c. Rep. from 2nd to 13th rows once more, thus ending at 13th row. Now work along straight side thus:

5 ch., miss a space equal to 2 ch., 1 tr. into side of d.c., * 2 ch., miss a space, 1 tr. into side of d.c. loop or tr., rep. from * to beginning of foundation ch.

Next Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into tr. of last row, * 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. Rep. from * to end. Rep. last row once more. Now work round outer edge of work (foundation ch. shaped edges, and 13th row) thus:

* 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th of these ch. (1 d.tr., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into first of these ch.) 4 times, all into the same place as beginning of 7 ch., miss about 4in. of edge, 1 d.c. into edge. Rep. from * all round.

Work a second piece in exactly the same way, then sew together at the centre (the last row of holes before the outer border).

THE TIE: Make 30 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of remaining ch.

Next Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into each tr. Break off.

Starch stiffly, and fold the tie round centre, fastening with a button and loop.

THE JABOT

Materials: A ball of Coats' Mercer Crochet, No. 60. A steel crochet hook, No. 6.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; d.tr., double treble (thread over hook twice); rep., repeat.

Make 110 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 10th ch. from hook, * 5 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, * miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., all into next loop, 5 ch., miss next loop, 1 d.c. into next loop. Rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 d.c. into last loop.

4th Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c., * miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 loops, miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c., rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 d.c. into last loop.

5th Row: 7 ch., miss 1st loop, 1 d.c. into next loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop. Rep. from * to end.

6th Row: 8 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., all into 1st loop, * miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., all into next loop. Rep. from *, ending with 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., 5 ch., 1 d.tr., all into last loop.

7th Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, * miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c., miss next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 loops. Rep. from * to end.

8th Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop. Rep. from * to end. Rep. rows 3 to 8 inclusive until work measures 7in. Break off.

Make two more pieces in exactly the same way.

NECKBAND: Make 25 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 8th ch. from hook, * 5 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: 7 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop. Rep. from * to end. Rep. 2nd row until work measures 14in. or length required.

MAKE UP: Starch all pieces. Pleat the three pieces at the chain edge. Sew two pieces side by side to neckband in centre, then sew the third piece over the other two in the centre. Sew button or press-stud to neckband to fasten.

All the three bow designs are made to iron out flat for easy laundering, centres being fastened with press-stud or button.

PICOT PATTERN BOW

Materials: A ball of Coats' Mercer Crochet, No. 20. A No. 3 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: 8in. by 5in.

FRONT: Make 41 ch.

1st Row: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of these 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of these 5 ch., 1 ch., miss 4 foundation ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of these ch., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd of these ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into loop of last row between the two picots. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. last row until work measures 3½in. Break off.

Work into the other side of the foundation chain in same way for 3½in. Break off.

BACK: Make 31 ch. and work as given for front of bow for 4in. Break off. Then work into other side of foundation chain for 4in. Break off.

TIE: Make 11 ch. and work as given for front of bow for 2in. Break off.

TO MAKE UP: Starch work stiffly. Tack the front and back together at the foundation chain. Fold the tie over the centre of bow and sew at back.

SKETCH ABOVE shows how effective the lacy jabot looks worn with a black frock. See directions.

"MY PROBLEM of juggling a baby and carrying parcels is solved," says Mrs. John Glisson, of Boronia Street, Kensington, N.S.W. Pictured above is son Paul in The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier. This popular carrier, designed for infants up to six months, can be had from our Pattern Department in off-white or with beige, blue, or grey straps; for 15/6. If ordering by mail, add 3½d. postage. (See addresses, page 37.)

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Liberty's back-lacing model with underbelt designed for the Abdominal Type. Available in extra large sizes. For firm uplift: this fine quality poplin Brassiere.

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—says

ELIZABETH COOKE

Kraft's famous Cookery and Nutrition Expert

CLIP OUT
THESE GRAND KRUSTO RECIPES

KRUSTO CHOCOLATE PIE

8 oz. Krusto, 4 tablespoons water (3 to 3½ oz.) 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon coffee, ½ cup sugar, 5 level dessertspoons cocoa, 6 level tablespoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter.

Make pastry with Krusto and water, roll thinly and line pie-dish. Boil milk, add coffee and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Strain. Mix sugar, cocoa, cornflour and salt in a bowl and stir in almost all the coffee. Place mixture in top of double saucepan and stir over boiling water until mixture has thickened. Cover; beat the egg and stir in with remaining coffee into the saucepan. Cook for 1 minute. Remove from stove, stir in butter and pour into pastry case. Cover top with pastry. Decorate with almonds and bake in a hot oven until crust is crisp and golden brown. Serve with whipped cream or custard. Serves 4.

Krusto Steamed Apple or Jam Roll

2 cups Krusto, 2 medium apples, ½ cup water.

Make dough with Krusto and water. Peel and slice apples very finely, sprinkle with sugar and add 1 or 2 cloves if desired. Roll out dough to approximately ¼ inch thick, then evenly spread sliced apples or jam on the dough. Roll into a roly poly like swiss roll. Wrap in pudding cloth, place in boiling water and steam for 1 hour.

Krusto Steamed Chocolate Pudding

2 eggs, 4 oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 cups Krusto.

Beat eggs and sugar thoroughly, add cocoa and milk and stir into dry ingredients. Pour into steamer or basin which has been slightly greased and steam for 1-1¼ hours.

Krusto Apple or Fruit Pie

1½-¾ lb. apples or other stewing fruit, sugar and cloves to taste, 2 cups Krusto, 4 tablespoons water (3-3½ oz.), sprinkle of cinnamon.

Stew apples with sugar and cloves to taste and allow to cool. Add water to Krusto and mix to stiff dough. Roll thinly on a lightly floured board and line pie-plate. Put on apples, top with pastry and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

Krusto Fruit Cake

1 egg, ½ cup warm milk, 1 pkt. Krusto, 1 pkt. mixed fruit (approx. 12 ozs.), pinch of nutmeg or a spot of vanilla (if desired).

Whip egg thoroughly, add to milk and add this to the packet of Krusto and the fruit which have been previously mixed together. When all ingredients have been mixed well together, place in paper lined cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F.

DON'T BE SHORT!

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"Use Kraft KRUSTO Pastry Mix once"

—says Elizabeth Cooke, "and you'll see for yourself that it's the quickest, easiest way yet to make the lightest, crispest, tastiest pastry you've ever tried."

You just add water to Krusto, mix and roll for pastry so light, it looks as though it could *fly* out of your oven. Krusto Pastry is never heavy or soggy because it has been specially prepared to give you that crisper, more delicious texture every time.

And Krusto Pastry has a fresher, tastier flavour because of its super quality ingredients. That's why it makes your favourite sweet or savoury pies taste twice as exciting.

KRUSTO

The Super-Crisp Pastry Mix made by KRAFT

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Cakes Puddings Biscuits

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THE sound, simple recipe for a foundation mixture given on this page can be used as the basis of a dozen or more types of cakes.

This mixture can also be converted into a baked or steamed pudding—even biscuits—with as many variations.

LIGHT CAKE OR PUDDING MIXTURE

Basic Ingredients: Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, flavoring, 2 or 3 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Substitute Ingredients: Use 3 teaspoons of egg powder in 3 tablespoons of water for each egg used; use 1 tablespoon milk powder and ½ cup water for milk used.

Margarine may be used instead of butter, or a good beef dripping with 1 tablespoon of lemon juice to counteract its fatty flavor; 2oz. honey may be used instead of the sugar, or less sugar may be used and more liquid added. Instead of baking powder ½ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda may be used with ½ cup of sour milk or 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar.

Flavorings: Any one of the following may be added after creaming the butter and sugar: 8oz. mixed fruit; 4oz. dates; 4oz. soaked and drained dried apricots; 4oz. raisins with ½ teaspoon grated orange rind; 6oz. currants with ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind; 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; 1 teaspoon mixed spices; ½ cup grated pineapple with ½ cup chopped nuts; 2oz. melted chocolate; 1 teaspoon coffee essence; 2 mashed bananas with 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

The variations suggested can cover the whole range of sweet flavoring agents.

Method: Cream the butter and sugar well. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the flavoring. Fold in the sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the milk.

USED AS BAKED PUDDING

Bake in slab tin (9in.) or in pie plates with any of the above flavorings and serve hot. When served hot a slightly cheaper mixture can be made and the butter and sugar reduced to 2oz. or 3oz. each. When this is done add about ½ cup more milk.

Fluffy Fruit Pie: Place in a piedish or deep tart plate 2 cups of any fruit such as apple, gooseberry, plum, rhubarb, or any fruit in season, partly stewed in a small quantity of water and sugar syrup. Cover with the cake mixture—a 6oz. quantity is sufficient—and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

Golden Grapefruit Pie: Slice a large grapefruit and place in a piedish. Pour over it 2 tablespoons of brown sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon melted butter. Cover with the cake mixture and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 40 minutes.

Australian Layer Pudding: Color half the mixture pink. Place alternate spoonfuls of the pink and white in a piedish, placing a teaspoonful of jam or fairly dry fruit puree on each spoonful. Bake and serve hot with cream or custard.

Butterscotch Nut Pie: Sprinkle a thickly greased piedish with brown sugar. Mix 2 tablespoons of nuts into the mixture. Cover top before cooking with a mixture of 1 tablespoon nuts, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and 1 teaspoon of spice.

Topsy-Turvy Pudding: Spread a creamed mixture of 1 tablespoon butter and sugar, preferably brown, over the bottom of a 5in. cake tin. Cover with sliced fruit such as pineapple, peach, apricots, and prunes. Cover with the cake mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for one hour.

Mixed Fruit Layer Pudding: Place half the mixture in a piedish or tart plate. Cover with a thick layer of mixed fruits (raisins, sultanas, and currants and lemon rind) moistened with lemon juice. Cover with the remaining mixture and bake.

Castle Puddings: Place a spoonful of jam or treacle in small greased oven moulds (1 to every 1½oz. of mixture) and two-thirds fill with the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes.

SUGGESTED CAKES

Patty Cakes: Place in greased patty tins and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Bar Cakes: Cook in two bar tins in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

Loaf Cake: Cook in a loaf tin or 5in. round or square cake tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for one hour.

Drop Cookies: Omit most of the milk, making a much drier mixture, and cook in small spoonfuls on a greased tin, in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

USED FOR STEAMED PUDDING

The basic ingredients (given in the first column on this page) make a very light, fluffy pudding. The quantity of butter and sugar may be reduced to 2oz. of each. If this is done, the addition of ½ cup soft breadcrumbs and 1-3rd cup extra milk helps to make the pudding lighter.

The whole mixture may be steamed in one pudding basin, filling two-thirds full, for 1½ hours, or in individual pudding moulds (about six) for 30 minutes.

Rhubarb Layer Pudding: Dice rhubarb very finely, measuring two cups. Place the mixture in 3 or 4 layers with the rhubarb in a greased pudding basin. Cover and steam 1½ hours.

Caramel Spice Pudding: Caramelise 1 tablespoon of sugar and add with 1½ teaspoons of mixed spice to the pudding mixture. A dessertspoon of coffee essence may also be added. Steam in a pudding basin for 1½ hours.

Waterfall Pudding: Place 2 or 3 tablespoons of jam or treacle or fruit puree in a pudding basin. Add the flour mixture and steam 1½ hours.

Orange and Raisin Pudding: Add 6oz. stoned raisins and 1 teaspoon orange rind to the flour mixture. Steam and serve with orange sauce or orange-flavored custard.

Mixed Fruit Brown Pudding: Omit the baking powder and add ½ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda and 2 tablespoons of jam to the mixture. Add also ½ teaspoon of grated lemon rind, squeeze of juice, and 4oz. currants.

Marmalade Pudding: Omit the baking powder, add ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda and 2 tablespoons of marmalade. Steam and serve with a marmalade sauce.

Individual Steamed Puddings: Steam any of the above mixtures in 6 to 8 small pudding moulds for 25 to 35 minutes.

USED AS BISCUIT MIXTURE

The above basic proportions, omitting the milk and egg-whites, make an excellent biscuit foundation.

The biscuits may be rolled and cut or piped.

Biscuit Tartlets: Roll biscuit mixture to a thin sheet, cut into rounds and press into small greased patties. Bake, leaving in patty tins to cool. Fill with jam, fruit, or cream mixtures.

Continued on page 50

From One Mixture

THE CAKES in this picture were made from the same basic mixture as given on this page. They are delicious, too, served hot for dinner with fruit or a sweet sauce.

★ BASS — THE TASTIEST FISH PASTE EVER MADE — BASS FISH PASTE ★

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EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling

HEIL DER SENF! *(HAIL TO THE MUSTARD!)*

The German was "Heil"-ing mustard long before he was "Heil"-ing other things. Here we see him in very much pre-war pose, complete with *sauerkraut, liederkranz, Wiener schnitzel* and five kinds of sausage.

Incidentally, all these foods, along with many more usual dishes, are marvellously improved by the KEEN'S MUSTARD which our friend keeps in the second beer stein* on the right.

**(Note: The one with the spoon in it.)*

KS/127

TEMPERATURE GOES DOWN

HEADACHES VANISH

Hay Fever

EYE SORENESS CEASES

SNEEZING STOPS

VAXOS RELIEF IS QUICKER AND LONGER-LASTING

Vaxos No. 1 is a pre-dissolved Oral Vaccine which, taken a few drops in water each day, is quickly absorbed into your bloodstream where it immediately commences the destruction of the catarrhal germs which inflame the nasal membranes and are the REAL CAUSE of your troubles. It's quick and effective because it gets right to the seat of the trouble.

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VAXOS No 1
ORAL VACCINE

VIH 16

A VERY substantial dish for luncheon or dinner of sweet corn and tomatoes with savory minced steak wins the main prize this week. (See recipe for this dish below.)

Prize dishes from . . .

MINCED STEAK

Chief ingredient in two prize-winning main-course recipes from readers this week is minced steak.

SWEET corn and tomatoes are combined with the mince in a luncheon or dinner dish.

The meat and sweet corn mixtures may be placed in the dish in alternate strips as illustrated above, or (as suggested in the prize-winning recipe) the dish may be lined with the meat mixture and filled with the corn and tomatoes.

Recipe for hamburger loaf is another good suggestion for using minced steak and at the same time disposing of a stale sandwich loaf.

Try any savory filling you fancy in place of the minced steak—provided the filling chosen is not too moist.

Whatever filling you choose the result is a crisp, delicious loaf.

CORN AND STEAK CASSEROLE

Steak Mixture: One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk.

Corn Mixture: One cup cooked sweet corn, ¾ cup skinned, chopped tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Chop onion finely and combine with steak, fat, flour, salt, pepper, and sauce. Stir over heat with metal spoon till meat changes color. Allow to cook gently further 5 to 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add breadcrumbs, parsley, beaten egg, and milk. Stir well and line bottom and sides of greased ovenware dish. Mix all filling ingredients together and fill into prepared dish. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Garnish with parsley and rings of parboiled red pepper.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William Street, Kent Town, S.A.

HAMBURGER LOAF

One loaf day-old sandwich bread, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1lb. minced steak, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Remove crust from loaf and cut into 3 slices lengthwise. Heat fat in saucepan. Fry diced onion lightly. Add flour, steak, water, tomato sauce, salt, and pepper. Stir over heat till meat changes color, add parsley. Place slice of bread on greased oven slide. Spread with half meat mixture. Cover with next bread slice—spread with remaining meat mixture. Top with third slice of bread. Beat egg—add milk. Glaze top and sides of loaf. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 to 30 minutes till lightly browned. Cut in thick slices and serve hot with potatoes and greens. Brown vegetable sauce may be served with the loaf if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Craig, 11 Reserve Avenue, Carnegie, Vic.

EGG AND BACON PIE

Mashed potato, ½lb. bacon rashers, 3 hard-boiled eggs, ½lb. shortcrust pastry, salt and pepper, little milk.

Line bottom of deep, greased pie-dish with mashed potato. Fry rashers lightly (after removing rind), and arrange on top of potato. Moisten with a little melted bacon fat. Add a layer of chopped hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, add a little milk to moisten further. Top with shortcrust pastry, rolled to size and shape of dish, pressing edge of pastry well down on to potato. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes till pastry is cooked. Serve hot, cut in wedges.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Campbell, 28 Queen Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

SIMPLEST FOOD tastes better out of doors. Try it for yourself! Above: Ailsa McKinnon with Derek Webster and sister Patricia (back to camera) make the most of early spring sunshine in the garden of the McKinnon home at Whale Beach, N.S.W.

LEFT: Minced steak sandwiched between slices of day-old bread—a tasty hamburger loaf to be enjoyed by all the family. See prize recipe above.

From one mixture

Continued from page 49

Currant Slice Biscuits: Roll the mixture to a thin sheet. Brush half with milk or sugar and water. Cover with currants mixed with a little grated orange or lemon rind. Cover with the remainder of the mixture. Cut into small squares. Mark each square with the flat of a fork. Glaze with sugar and water or beaten egg-white and bake.

Raisin Rolls: Plump raisins over boiling water and mix with a little grated lemon rind. Roll the mixture thinly and cut into squares of about 2½in. each way. Place raisin mixture on each, moisten edges, and roll up. Mark with flat of fork and bake.

Minced Fruit Patties: Roll the mixture thinly and cut into small rounds. Moisten the edges of half the rounds and slit a small hole in the centres of the other half. Cover the first half with a spoonful of fruit mincemeat. Cover with the remainder. Glaze and bake.

Piped Sherry Biscuits: Add about 3 dessertspoons of dry sherry to the biscuit mixture. Pipe into small rosettes and bake.

Nut Fingers: Roll thinly and spread with a meringue of whipped egg-white and sugar, and finely chopped nuts. Cut into finger-lengths and bake on a greased tray. Cool on tray.

Cook biscuits in a slower oven (325 deg. F.) for 7 to 10 minutes or until crisp and delicately browned. Flat, round or finger biscuits are best left on tray to cool.

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Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions

NOW! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS **S**ODIUM **R**ICINOLEATE — WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (*gingivitis*) AND GUM ROT (*pyorrhœa*)

It's easy, it's pleasant —right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world, but if your gums are unhealthy those teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it — you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, *often after only a few days.*

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

(taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette)

Show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums

1. Condition before treatment.

2. Fourteen days later after daily application of sodium ricinoleate.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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★ The Dressmaker SAID "Yes madam-it--er-suits you perfectly..."

★ But she MEANT "Even a French Model couldn't make you glamorous with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high fashion. Make sure yours are free from spots and blotches by using

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty . . . the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all-over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyl to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads . . . dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores — makes *all* of you romantic.

• REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.66.26A

WHEN RHEUMATICS are relieved

life is worth living

So if *your* life is burdened with rheumatic aches and pains and you long for relief we urge you to try De Witt's Pills. Not that it is a "cure-all"; but simply because, after more than 57 years use the world over, De Witt's Pills is a household word for such troubles.

It is in the kidneys that rheumatic aches and pains so often originate. These vital organs get clogged, become sluggish; they then fail in their work of filtering waste and poisons from the system. These poisons, when not expelled, frequently set up trouble and cause pain and stiffness. De Witt's Pills stimulate the kidneys, restore them to normal activity so that poisons and impurities are soon swept away.

It's pretty safe to say your neighbour, or a friend will speak highly of De Witt's Pills. So why not turn to them yourself? They have proved successful in so many cases. Ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

SIMPLE HOME-BUILT POOL, showing lilies and a clump of bulrushes in the corner.

NATURAL-LOOKING POOL shown above is furnished with rustic bridge, imitation crane, crazy path sides, and well-concealed banks. The banks can be planted with irises, ferns, and others.

. . . Restock your WATER GARDEN

● Now that winter has gone the water garden can be restocked with lilies and other aquatics.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

MAKE sure that the plants established in your pool or pond are dead or beyond redemption before disturbing them, for, once planted, most aquatics resent being moved and are only lifted and replanted when they appear to be unhealthy and ailing.

Some, however, notably those plants that live along the edges of pools, with their roots in the soil, are much like hardy herbaceous perennials in their requirements and can be lifted, divided, and replanted every third or fourth spring.

Many of the water-lilies, however, make tremendous leaf growth during the warm months, then fade out and disappear without flowering, or after a most disappointing display. In such cases it pays the water-gardener to cut away much of the leaf growth to encourage flower production. This may have to be done twice or more each season in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth, where growth is very rapid.

Some aquatic plants can be raised from seed, but usually they are increased by division of the roots. If sowing seed, remember that the flowers, growing as they do in water, also open their seedpods and drop them into the water—which suggests, of course, that you must follow suit.

Sow the seeds in pans of water and keep them submerged. When they have germinated and are big enough to set out in the pool, plant them near the edge where their roots can eventually reach some soil and anchor themselves.

Water-lilies (nymphaea) grow best in 1½ to 3ft. of water, but the stronger growers flourish in water up to 6ft. deep. No water-lilies should be planted in water less than 12 to 18in. When planting the roots, place them in boxes or pots filled with a compost of fibrous loam, leaf mould, and cow manure, and cover the surface of the compost with a thick layer of coarse sand or gravel to hold the soil down when immersed in the pond.

In addition to all sorts of water-lilies, other aquatic plants such as aponogeton, calla palustris, alisma, many of the ranunculus family, sagittaria, typhas, and others may be set out this month.

EVERY smart girl wants to keep her accessories meticulously crisp, so here's a tip: Dip in a cold starch solution immediately before ironing, for a long-lasting finish.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

DID you know that you can decrease the tendency of a taffeta dress to "generate electricity" by steaming it in the bathroom? Just hang it there while you're having your bath.

★ ★ ★

IF starch has adhered to the iron do not scrape it off with a knife, as this will ruin the plate. Wait until iron is cool, then wipe the base with a damp soapy cloth.

★ ★ ★

BY applying soap to the sides and bottom of the billy-can when you are next cooking over an open fire, the black soot will be easier to remove.

ALUM in the rinsing water keeps most colors fresh-looking.

★ ★ ★

WHEN chopping up raisins or other dried fruits, flour the knife. This prevents the fruit adhering to the knife, saves time and effort.

★ ★ ★

TO prevent heavy ornaments, flower-bowls, or potted plants scratching table tops, cut up an old felt hat or pieces of felt, and paste to the bottom of each offending vase or pot.

★ ★ ★

IF green spots appear on the copper, apply a weak solution of ammonia, dry, then polish.

For Reliability

choose the PEN that's guaranteed

Waterman's pens have been guaranteed for over 60 years and are still guaranteed.

Wide range of 14-carat handground nibs —flexible or firm—to suit every style of handwriting.

One-stroke filling action ensuring maximum ink capacity.

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A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have obtained good prices recently.

"'Nocturne,' in 'Smith's,' brought me between £5 and £6 (1500 words)."

"Three serials returned me £165."

"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £6/18/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 2LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I received £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships'; 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £6/6/-."

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You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

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LEFT: CIRCULAR CONCRETE POOL, containing water-lilies and other aquatics in pleasant surroundings, with fine background of trees. Such garden accessories provide a splendid outlook for the sunroom.

SCIATICA CAN BE CURED

By . . . MEDICO

"I HAVE at last induced my father to come down from our home in the country," said Mrs. Wilson, to whom I had been the family doctor for five years.

"Father has been a martyr to backache and sciatica for years. He's tried every remedy he could think of . . .

"He's taken kidney medicine; he's used embrocations; he had alcohol injections into the sciatic nerve; he's had his leg stretched under an anaesthetic; he had a course of diathermy and infra-red therapy; he's had his leg blistered along the course of the nerve, but the trouble still makes his life a misery."

"Which started first, the backache or the sciatica?" I asked.

"He first complained of pain low down at the base of the spine. It was eased by lying flat on his back, but would recur after he took exercise. He thought that it was kidney weakness, and sometimes it would improve when he took kidney pills, but it came back again and gradually got worse.

"As time went on, the pain spread down the back of his thigh to the knee and calf," explained Mrs. Wilson. "The attacks passed off after a few hours at first, but now they hang on for days."

I examined Mrs. Wilson's father and found him quite a healthy man in his early forties. He could move his back from side to side quite freely, but bending forward was difficult and painful.

There was tenderness to pressure along the main muscle of the back on both sides of the spine, but most marked toward the base of the spine.

An X-ray of his spine showed no evidence of rheumatoid changes in his spine or pelvis.

"What can you suggest for me?" he asked.

"I suggest an operation by an orthopaedic surgeon," I told him, "and I can promise eight chances out of ten for complete recovery."

"How would an operation cure me?"

"The spine," I told him, "is like a club ham sandwich. It is built up of round blocks of bone. Between each block is a thin layer of soft cartilage which has the effect of a cushion. As a result of a sudden twist or strain the covering of this cushion is torn, and out comes a little bulge like a small grape, which presses on the nerves as they pass from the spinal canal to the leg.

"The cause of your trouble is what is now known to be a damaged intervertebral disc."

"Is there any danger in the operation?" he asked.

"The operation is not easy for the surgeon, but it is quite safe for the patient," I assured him.

"How long will I be in hospital?"

"Just long enough for the operation wound in your back to heal up," I told him . . .

Mrs. Wilson's father had the operation. She called to see me three months later to tell me that he had a new lease of life. He was back on his farm, milking the cows, turning the separator, and riding his horse to see to the fences on his property.

He never had a return of pain once the stiffness wore off from his spell in hospital.

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

Helping the child to be a good patient

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE occupation chosen for a convalescent child should be more than just a simple pastime—especially in cases of slow recovery after an illness.

Object of such a pastime is to keep the child's mind healthy and stimulated, and as well help to counteract the "spoiling" so difficult to avoid during a long illness.

Ill-health often causes emotional reactions in a child and his parents, and it should be the aim of the parents to help him over these difficulties, surrounding him with an atmosphere that is healthy and as **free from anxiety** as possible.

Patience and tact are necessary if social effects on the child of a long period of convalescence are to be avoided.

A leaflet on this subject may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is included with the request.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

". . . **WHY SHOULD** a man let his hair go like that? Look at it! Dull, lifeless, full of loose dandruff . . . a thorough-going Dry Scalp job! I don't know why he doesn't try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp

IT REALLY DOES make a difference [illegible] five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each [illegible] loose dandruff, checks Dry Scalp by tu[illegible] out by sun and wind. Your hair quick[illegible]

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care — Both Scalp and Hair

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY — HEENZO COUGH REMEDY

ONE PINT is a lot of COUGH REMEDY for 2/- — and there is none better than HEENZO

For over thirty years many Australian families have been saving money on their cough remedy bills by simply adding a two shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO to sweetened water to make ONE PINT—in other words, the equal of up to eight ordinary sized bottles of the best ready mixed cough remedies that could cost you up to £1.

Yes, you save lots of money by using HEENZO, the famous family cough remedy which gives *instant relief*, is nice to take and is equally good for adults and children in the treatment of coughs, colds, croup, sore throats, bronchitis and influenza.

The goodness of HEENZO has been proved under all climatic conditions, from the Antarctic by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expeditions, to the Tropics by Captain Frank Hurley's famous exploration trips. HEENZO supplies are still limited, so first come, first served. . . . *Buy HEENZO to-day from your nearest Chemist or Store.*

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COUGH & COLD REMEDY

NO FADE . . NO CREASE . . NO SHRINK

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Stocks are limited . Please be patient

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FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

White Buck T Bar Sandal. Machine Sewn Soles. Sizes 7 – 10, 10½ – 1, 1½ – 3 (G/66W)

White Buck Derby Tie. Machine Sewn Soles. Sizes 7 – 10, 10½ – 1, 1½ – 3 (G/65W)

It makes you proud to see your children stepping out in smart, attractive shoes, and know that money can't buy better. That's why you buy PADDLE for PREFERENCE—for styles that always look smart—for better leather and better workmanship that mean longer wear.

PADDLE uses leather from *selected hides* for strong, flexible soles and soft, pliable uppers, stitched with heavy duty braided linen thread. Children get extra wear, and extra comfort from Paddle Shoes.

Make it PADDLE for PREFERENCE at any shoe store—you can buy cheaper shoes, you can buy dearer shoes—you can't get better value than PADDLE SHOES

Patent Buckle Bar. Machine Sewn Soles. Sizes 7 – 10, 10½ – 1, 1½ – 3 (G/114P)

Boys & Youths Black Calf Oxford Shoes. American Welted Soles. Sizes 11 – 1, 1½ – 3 (B/163)

LOOK FOR THIS STAMP IN EVERY SHOE . . .

Paddle FOR PREFERENCE

White Buck Sandal. Veldt Sewn Soles. Sizes 5–6½, 7–10, 10½–1 (V/237W)

PADDLE CHILDREN'S SHOES

NZ 251

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During winter, the natural oils of the skin have a tendency to dry up. In consequence, spots, pimples and other blemishes begin to appear in early springtime. The best way to get rid of these is to apply a little Zam-Buk nightly on going to bed.

The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk, penetrating the pores, will soon clear your skin of blemishes and make it soft and healthy again.

You'll find this famous herbal ointment very good, too, for keeping the hands lovely and smooth in spite of rough housework and wash-days.

Soothing, antiseptic and quick-healing, Zam-Buk is the ideal treatment for the majority of skin ailments, for sore aching feet, cuts, bruises, burns and other skin injuries.

Never be without

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains *santonin*, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

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For Beauty!

"Coverspot Conceals Blemishes"

Fashion PATTERNS

F4829

F4832

F4831

F4830

F4834

F4829.—Slim one-piece with a side draped skirt and shirtwaist bodice-top. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 1/10.

F4832.—Simple to cut and easy to sew, a classic blouse for plain or printed dress fabric. An ideal blouse to wear with a separate skirt or a spring suit. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 1/8.

F4830.—New long lines for a maternity suit. The wrap-over skirt is designed for comfort. Comes in sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 1/10.

F4831.—Summer playsuit and matching skirt. Take off the skirt for sun-bathing. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for skirt and 3yds. of 36in. material for playsuit, plus ½yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price 2/8 complete.

F4833.—Two-piece suit with bell-hop jacket and skirt with flattering built-up waistline. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 1/10.

F4834.—Lace-trimmed nightgown with gathered bosom section. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace contrast. Pattern price 1/10.

• *TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.*

For Good Health

[illegible] regular. Taken at bedtime [illegible] in the morning. Figsen comes in the form of a pleasant-tasting tablet. Gentle yet thorough in its action. No pain or discomfort. Available from chemists everywhere—Nyal Figsen—26 tablets—1/7

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Leroy leads the spring parade . . .

That Lovely Line

In tender leaf bud greens, soft sapling browns and varied yellows, in blues of still water and sunlit skies . . . . Leroy's colourful creations lead the Spring Parade, depicting New York and European styles. The incomparable Leroy designers, creators of "that lovely line" have made this a Leroy Spring . . . . see the charming proof in your favourite store.

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